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A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

On the Palm Beach Frontier

ROBERT LEWIS TAYLOR

HUAC: Record and Appraisal

A Review by WILL HERBERG

Babylonian Meditation

FREDERICK D. WILHELMSEN

Articles and Reviews by · · · · · FRANK S. MEYER
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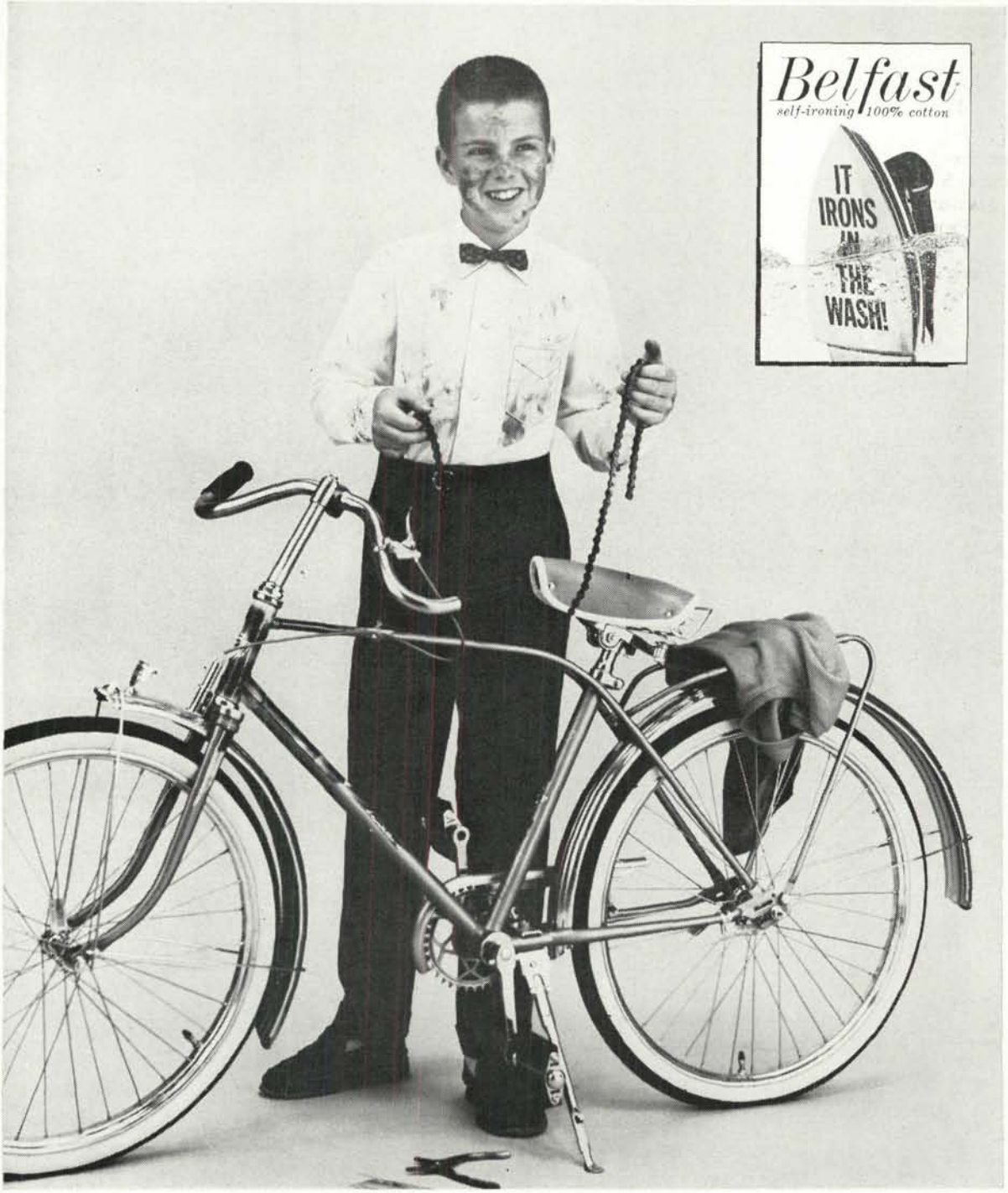

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NATIONAL REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

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In This Issue . . .

➔ **Frederick D. Wilhelmsen,** in a "Babylonian Meditation," explores and illumines the Myth of the East, that beckoning and seductive phantom which Western man has spun out of his own secret substance. Professor Wilhelmsen, who claims G. K. Chesterton, Hilaire Belloc and Étienne Gilson as his immediate intellectual forbears, has written for NATIONAL REVIEW on divers topics ranging from the pleasures of wine to the subtler pleasures of theology. Among his books are a biography of Belloc, a textbook on epistemology and a narrative of his voyage on a Peruvian sailing barque. After teaching at Santa Clara University in California for several years, he took off to Spain on a two-year Guggenheim grant, to finish his doctorate at the University of Madrid, and observe the world. Spain continues his principal base, where he is currently, between far travels, teaching Philosophy at the Catholic University of Navarre in Pamplona. . . From the southeastern frontier of our own continental domain, **Robert Lewis Taylor** sends a report on prevailing customs and mores in the lush white city which the President has made his winter home-from-home. Mr. Taylor, long a regular contributor to the *New Yorker,* won a Pulitzer Prize for *The Travels of Jaimie McPheeters.* His other books include a biography of W. C. Fields and the best-selling *A Journey to Matecumbe.*

➔ **Frank Meyer** carves out a set of relevant and necessary distinctions to use in considering "the conspiratorial theory of history" and its application to the much-mooted controversy over "internal *vs.* external menace." . . . **James Burnham,** looking behind the ideological smoke covering the foreign aid debate, suggests that there are some real and potent interests to stoke the fires. . . And **Francis Russell** reviews, and more than reviews, the latest major salvo in the anti-German campaign that has been mounting steadily since it was initiated by publication of William L. Shirer's *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich:* Stanley Kramer's production of *Judgment at Nuremberg.*

➔ The book section begins with a critique by **Will Herberg** of the new book on HUAC *(The Committee and Its Critics)* by Wm. F. Buckley Jr. and various of the editors and associates of NATIONAL REVIEW. Mr. Herberg, who writes regularly for NATIONAL REVIEW on religion, is led by the book into general reflections of much moment on the nature of our place and time. . . . **Guy Davenport,** whose concern by profession and taste is English literature, does not find much to adorn his chosen field in three new novels, *Morning in Antibes, The Mothers* and *Cassandra at the Wedding.* . . . **Walter Darnell Jacobs,** expert on matters military and Soviet, recommends several of the batch of studies of guerrilla warfare now emerging from research institutes to the urgent attention of Mr. Rostow and General Taylor. ➔

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The WEEK

● Some Connecticut Democrats have formed a committee to help Abe Ribicoff win the Democratic nomination for the Senate, explaining that Ribicoff can't campaign actively because of his "responsibilities" as Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare. Maybe, also, it would be a conflict of interest.

● President Kennedy has informed Congress that the proceeds from the $200 million UN bond issue would be used to liquidate *existing* debts for the Congo "activities." Dean Rusk says the proceeds will be used to defray *future* expenses for such activities in the 18-month period following June 30. One Administration official, confronted last week by a reporter who claimed that the intended disposition of the proceeds had been left unclear, replied, "We want to keep it that way." Why? Because this is a democracy, not a republic.

● The General Aniline Film & Dye Corporation was seized by the government during the Second World War under the Alien Property Law. Since then it has been operated by the government, whose insiders have learned how to get the most out of it. The vice president of a New York advertising agency, who is an old friend of the President, can rejoice over the $1.5 million advertising budget sent his way by General Aniline. The accounting firm for which a White House consultant used to work will rub its hands in glee over the $65,000 accounting contract. In the interest of accurate nomenclature the firm's title should be changed to General Plum and Barratry Corp.

● Disarmament, moratorium, test ban, inspection, control, multilateral renunciation—of such stuff the Geneva Conference is made. And in the pink haze of pious hope you cannot find a puff of smoke or flash of light from (oh dear, oh dear!) an actual nuclear test, such as the President promised, with drawn face and words of steel, only so shortly before. Now comes the proposal to establish the Geneva talks as a permanent conference, an incredible proposal that leads to conclusions only too credible: 1) that the talks will never accomplish their goal, and so must seek it eternally; 2) that, as long as the talks endure, there will be no nuclear tests; 3) that, therefore, President Kennedy falters in his intention of allowing the United States to continue its search for more effective weapons, the kind of weapon superiority without which we cannot hope to have peace, let alone victory. If this nation is interested in preserving itself, it should move the conference table to Eniwetok and start the countdown. Ten, Mr. Rusk, nine, eight, Mr. Gromyko, seven. . . .

● Organized in 1950, the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions (ICFTU) included 22 African affiliates. It was also pro-Western, a virtue that went schizoid when Africa started gaining its several independencies. By 1959, the labor organizations of Ghana and Guinea set out to destroy the ICFTU. Last spring the Casablanca bloc (Ghana, Guinea, Egypt, Mali, Morocco) created an All-African Trade Union Federation (AATUF). At the end of the conference the Casablanca bloc insisted that the delegates had voted that all affiliates of the ICFTU must resign by March 1962 and join the AATUF. But the labor spokesmen of non-Casablanca bloc countries (Tunisia, Kenya, Nigeria, Southern Rhodesia) said no such thing had happened at all. Three days later Ghana's cabinet member and labor boss, John Tettagah, declared war on the ICFTU and (it is said) began financing insurgent labor movements in non-Casablanca countries. So Ahmed Tlili, a member of the ICFTU executive board and head of the Tunisian Confederation of Workers (UGTT) invited everybody to an all-African non-Casablanca trade union congress in Dakar, Senegal. But Ghana, Guinea, Mali, Egypt, Morocco and Algeria didn't send any labor chieftains (although Ghana sent as an "observer" its Labor Attaché in Guinea). So it's Tlili of the ICFTU versus Tettagah of the AATUF, and once again the new nations prove that one of the blessings of liberty is the right to free discussion.

● Congolese Premier Cyrille Adoula and Katangan President Moise Tshombe continue, as we go to press, their mysterious "palaver, man-to-man, in the African manner," but whether it should be interpreted as a war, or a courtship, is hard to judge from the blank communiqués. *Newsweek* (March 19), paralleling the *New York Times'* UN correspondent, reports that UN Acting Secretary General U Thant "is convinced that only more UN military action will end Tshombe's anti-Léopoldville tactics, but is holding off only from fear that a UN attack will jeopardize U.S. participation in the controversial $200 million UN bond issue." U.S. Ambassador to the Congo Edmund Gullion, breaking a hands-off resolve, intervened openly "to keep the talks going"—that is, presumably, to put pressure on Tshombe to capitulate. The shroud of silence in which the UN and the world press have tried to bury the history of the UN's Congolese adventures was torn last week when the American Committee for Aid to Katanga Freedom Fighters published *War in Katanga*, the firsthand report of the van den Haag mission. "Developments

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up to the present suggest caution with regard to future UN action in the Congo," Dr. van den Haag remarks in his concluding chapter. Anyone who has read the objective, absorbing, meticulously reasoned report to its end will find that sentence the understatement of the year.

● A sidelight on the Soviet effort to intimidate the Scandinavian countries and keep them out of the NATO-EEC (Common Market) orbit: 1) Last autumn, some two weeks before the Soviets called for reactivating the Finno-Soviet Pact of 1948, the Norwegian anti-Communist weekly *Farmand* received a letter from Rear Admiral Nikolai Petrovich Zarembo of the Soviet Naval Reserve, vice president of the USSR-Norway Association, in which the admiral assailed Norway's militarism, predicted that it would be obliterated if it allowed atomic weapons to be based there, accused the NATO forces of being riddled with *Nazi militarists*, boasted of the great Soviet friendship for Norway, and proclaimed the permanent Soviet leadership in nuclear weapons. 2) Ole-Jacob Hoff, editor of *Farmand*, printed Zarembo's letter in the October 21 issue, and printed also an eloquent and factual reply; and called on Zarembo to reprint the correspondence in the Soviet Union. 3) No answer.

● Concordia Publishing House in St. Louis offering another in their "New Approaches to God" series, entitled *Teen-Ager, This Is For You* . . . "an informal, intimate book centered in Christ, relating Him to fun, vocation, friends, *even death*." One hopes Concordia hasn't made God *morbid*.

● Four collegians from Putney, Vermont, imbued with President Kennedy's ideal of physical vigor, walked 253 miles from New York to the White House, only to find no coffee and the President too busy to see them. They should try it again, with placards reading, "Youth for Peace," or "Youth for Kennedy." The President is known to look kindly on genuine idealists.

● East Germany has offered help to British Guiana in setting up production facilities for oil, rice, ethyl alcohol, and—bricks for Walls?

● Independent film producers Paul Jarrico, Irving Beaverman and Michael Wilson, having declined to answer 256 questions concerning their affiliation with the U.S. Communist Party, entered a conspiracy suit in 1956 against seven major film distributors for refusing to show their ideologically simon-pure epic, *Salt of the Earth*. The suit has been finally dismissed now, however, since the film has at last been sold . . . to the Soviet Government, for $20,000.

Toward the Total State

For eight years *Brown* v. *Board of Education* has stood as the prime symbol of the drive toward a centralized, despotic mass state that has been proceeding under the direction of a united front of the federal executive and judiciary. It is likely that *Brown* will from now on give precedence to the Tennessee reapportionment case which the Supreme Court decided March 26. This new decision, if its full logic is drawn out—which of course, and fortunately, is not inevitable—implies a constitutional, sociological and political overturn in our system of government far more drastic than *Brown*.

The Tennessee case arose out of petition by eleven city-dwellers asserting that their rights as voters were being violated by the existing apportionment of state legislative districts, and asking the federal court to compel a reapportionment. They based their claim on: a) the failure of the Tennessee legislature to carry out reapportionment as called for in the state constitution, and b) the arithmetical fact that the present district lines mean a great disparity in the ratio of voters to legislators between one district and another—with rural voters being arithmetically "over-represented" by factors as high as twenty or thirty to one.

The lower courts, basing themselves on the explicit language of the Constitution and a series of unambiguous Supreme Court decisions founded on the controlling case of *Colegrove* v. *Green* (1946), denied their petition. The *Colegrove* decision dismissed a similar petition on the classical ground that it concerned a palpably "political question" which was outside the province of the judiciary: "Courts ought not to enter this political thicket. The remedy for unfairness in districting is to secure state legislatures that will apportion properly, or to invoke the ample powers of Congress."

On March 26 a 6-2 majority of the Court (Justice Whittaker being ill), in the manner to which *Brown* should have made us accustomed, directly contradicted the language of the Constitution as well as *Colegrove* and all previous decisions. By a series of gross sophistries that Arthur Krock characterized scornfully as "exercises in semantics . . . and fooling around with words," it denied that the question was "political" and appealed to an implication of the Fourteenth Amendment previously hidden from all mortal eyes. The lower court was reversed. In an instant, the law of the land was overturned; right became wrong, and wrong right.

What this means, as a minimum, is that the federal courts, on the finding that state districting is "arbitrary and capricious" or otherwise "irrational," may

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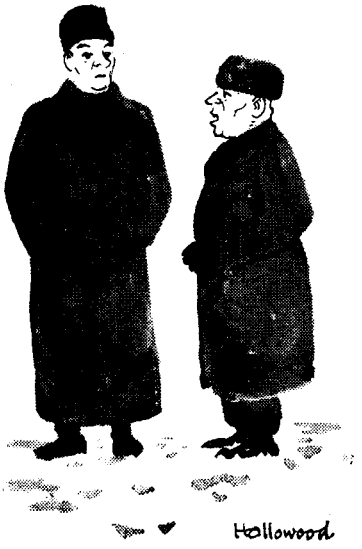

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"How can you be sure this American astronaut got into orbit—we've only* Pravda's *word for it?"

order state legislatures to redistrict; and, if the legislatures do not, or do not to the courts' satisfaction, the courts may themselves decide how the state's voters are to elect their state representatives.

This is the constitutional meaning. Sociologically, the decision—though its wording is vague enough to permit much backing and filling, even reversing—could mean in time a still vaster shift in power from the arithmetically declining rural and small-town population to the urban masses, and specifically to the relatively cohesive racial, ethnic and religious groups that comprise the effective counters of the big-city mass. Most states exhibit the same arithmetical disparities as Tennessee in their legislative districting, and in many of them suits similar to that of the eleven Tennesseeans are already in the courts.

This shift in power would be felt first on the state level, but would quickly affect the national structure as well. As the city masses established their unchecked domination of the state legislatures, these legislatures would in turn rearrange the congressional districts according to the arithmetical logic of the new decision.

And third, on the political front the probable effect would be to make the Democratic Party—which has proved its control of the urban masses—even more unassailably the dominant party in the nation.

Like *Brown,* this Tennessee decision is as ignorant in its historical and scientific references as it is indifferent to the traditional canons of judicial propriety. Justice Frankfurter, in a brilliant dissent, labels the core of the majority's argument for what it is:

"The notion that representation proportional to the geographic spread of population is so universally accepted as a necessary element of equality between man and man that it must be taken to be the standard of a political equality preserved by the Fourteenth Amendment—that it is, in appellants' words, 'the basic principle of representative government'—is, to put it bluntly, not true. However desirable and however desired by some among the great political thinkers and framers of our government, it has never been generally practiced, today or in the past. It was not the English system, it was not the colonial system, it was not the system chosen for the national government by the Constitution."

One wonders how soon the Court will get round to the arbitrary, capricious, irrational basis on which we elect the members of the senior house of our national legislature. Why, think of the injustice we tolerate—with 226,000 persons in Alaska getting the same representation as 16,700,000 in New York!

Now You See It

Rep. Robert Kastenmeier of Wisconsin put together a group of congressmen two years ago, dedicated to seeking guidance from the nation's intellectual class. They dubbed themselves the Liberal Project, and commissioned a dozen of the nation's most conspicuous spokesmen for fargone Liberalism to write heuristic essays on foreign policy whose illumination might help the country to survive President Eisenhower's "treacherous"—the word is James Roosevelt's, not Robert Welch's—foreign policy. These papers have now been put together and published under the title *The Liberal Papers,* and that document, which one might appropriately call the Yellow Book, is perhaps the hottest political publication of our time. Every Democrat in Washington is busy disavowing it. But the facts remain: it is edited and introduced by James Roosevelt, an acknowledged leader of the Democratic Liberal wing, it was organized by another Democratic congressman, and—and many of the book's premises, calcified, are the bony tissue of Liberal Democratic thought.

In his column, Mr. Raymond Moley lists the salient proposals contained in the Yellow Book. They are, to quote Mr. Moley:

1. West Berlin is of no value "except as a moral liability" of the Western powers. Presumably the "moral liability" can be abandoned. East Germany would be recognized. The Polish Rapacki plan should be used and both Germanys should be neutralized militarily.

2. NATO should be disestablished, leaving nothing but an Atlantic alliance of Britain, Canada, and the United States. Thus all of Continental Europe should be left to the caprice of the Soviet.

3. Presumably this would mean the withdrawal

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of our forces from all of Continental Europe.

4. At home we should abandon "the half-baked arrangement called civil defense."

5. We should unilaterally abandon the idea of nuclear tests.

6. We should let the Soviet "plug in" on our radar warning system. Thus the Soviet would be allowed to warn itself against any attack by the United States.

7. We should "liberalize" our trade policy with Russia.

8. The idea that we can avoid war with the Communist world by preparing for it is "irrational."

9. There should be recognition by the United States and admission to the UN of both Germanys, both Koreas, Communist China and both Vietnams. Incorporate Quemoy and Matsu into the China mainland.

"The whole thing," Moley sums up, "is a craven design for surrender."

Indeed it is, and why should anyone be surprised? Two of the authors, Professor David Riesman and Professor Stuart Hughes of Harvard, are co-founders of The Committee of Correspondence, to which, practically alone, NATIONAL REVIEW has been calling attention for years—only the Establishment is too busy denouncing right-wing extremism to hear. The Committee of Correspondence desires nothing less than total, unilateral disarmament by the United States—immediately. The consequences of this—capitulation to the Soviet Union—have been calmly faced by the Committee's leaders, whose implicit claim to courage lies in their willingness for all of us to live under Communist domination. Other contributors, each one of whom has earned a reputation as an appeaser, include James Warburg, Walter Millis, Vera Micheles Dean, Frank Tannenbaum, Stuart Hughes and Quincy Wright.

Theirs *is* the voice of the future of Liberalism, in a way in which the synthetic rhetoric of the New Frontier never was. That was election-year bombast. Liberalism in foreign policy is pulling out of the Bay of Pigs when the going gets tough. *The Liberal Papers* is, very simply, a call for elevating the paralysis and funk of the 13th of April, 1961, into the foreign policy of the United States. The Liberal rationale, because Liberalism doesn't know how to define anything worth risking death for, requires that slowly, ineluctably we edge forward, as foremost among our values, biological survival (they call it peace) rather than freedom. The Stuart Hugheses and James Warburgs and Frank Tannenbaums are not the speechwriters for John Kennedy, who still dilute the stuff, while these gentlemen take it neat. But unless John Kennedy leads a *revolt* against the Liberal ideology, these men, or their disciples, will end up running Washington. That will be the day when the kissing has to stop.

Fr. Cronin's Pamphlet

A few weeks ago, the *New York Times* greeted with wild excitement the publication of a booklet on "Communism: Threat to Freedom" by the Reverend John F. Cronin, S.J., assistant director of the Department of Social Action of the National Catholic Welfare Conference. What caught the eye of the *Times* wasn't that an anti-Communist pamphlet has been published, but that an anti-"extreme right wing" pamphlet has been published. Moreover, the *Times* prolonged the thing into an attack on the extreme right wing by the entire hierarchy. "CATHOLICS ASSAIL RIGHT EXTREMISTS," said the delirious headline, on page one.

But then during the past few weeks, one after another Catholic newspaper and Catholic writer bluntly expressed disapproval of the pamphlet; moreover, some of its conclusions ran directly athwart the recently expressed views of Cardinals Spellman and Cushing, who are Catholics in good standing. And finally, after all that excitement, Fr. Cronin himself came out and said that the pamphlet's views were merely his own.

Actually, the pamphlet itself is not that bad, and there are here and there traces of a toughness of mind about the Communist problem which under normal circumstances would horrify the *New York Times*. For instance, Fr. Cronin recommends highly J. Edgar Hoover's *Masters of Deceit,* which was treated as contemptuously by the *Times* reviewer, when it came out several years ago, as if it had been written by Robert Welch. And that reviewer today holds the august title of editor of the *New York Times,* in charge of the editorial page. In other words, it must not be assumed, because of the attention given to the pamphlet by the Liberal press, that it is as bad a statement as statements normally have to be, to qualify for Liberal enthusiasm. Other books recommended by Fr. Cronin include a half dozen by writers who have regularly written for NATIONAL REVIEW, and several by writers who serve, or have served, on NATIONAL REVIEW'S staff. And he endorses the House Committee on Un-American Activities, the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, and the Internal Security Act (McCarran Act) of 1950.

The pamphlet does not mention by name any of the so-called extremist organizations against which it argues. But at a press conference in Washington, Fr. Cronin apparently revealed that he had particularly in mind the John Birch Society (surprise!),

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but also—and he rattled off a half dozen groups, among them Dr. Fred Schwarz's Christian Anti-Communist Crusade. One wonders: why? What has Fr. Cronin got against Dr. Schwarz? Which of the sins described in his pamphlet does Dr. Schwarz commit?

Fr. Cronin gives a definition: "We call an organization extremist when it presents an inaccurate and distorted view of the Communist threat. Any of the following points indicate a false picture of the actual situation. 1) Wild exaggeration of the number of Communists and their sympathizers and their present influence in the United States; 2) Charges that a Communist take-over here is a current threat; 3) Connecting the Communist menace with unpopular social philosophies or movements; and 4) Using the reaction against Communism to attack groups not favored by the organization involved."

Well, that's one definition, one which is very loosely worded. What, for instance, is meant by a "current" threat of a Communist take-over? Would ten years from now, say, be considered as "current"? What is meant by "connecting" the Communist menace "with unpopular social philosophies or movements"? If we write, for instance, that the Liberal movement is more easily swayed by Communist propaganda than certain other movements, have we "connected" the two? And in respect to 4) above; if it is wrong to "*use*" the "reaction against Communism to attack groups not favored" by the attacker, then isn't it wrong for Fr. Cronin (in the selfsame pamphlet), and for so many others, to use "the reaction against Communism" as an argument for opposing the white segregationists in the South? ("Segregation has provided the Communists with millions of rubles of propaganda," writes Fr. Cronin.)

But we repeat, Which of these distortions is, *e.g.*, Dr. Schwarz up to? It is all very chivalrous not to name names in the pamphlet: but to go on to name them in a press conference, without supplying the incriminating links is, well, the kind of thing no self-respecting Liberal would have allowed Joe McCarthy to get away with.

The gravamen of Fr. Cronin's pamphlet is against those who believe that "the threat" is primarily internal. Strictly speaking, it isn't of course (and certainly Dr. Schwarz doesn't think it is). But the internal-external dichotomy is old-fashioned, and increasingly useless in an age which has seen the development of the science of opinion subversion. "In the final analysis," we pointed out a few weeks ago, "the distinction between the internal and the external threat is unreal: the scope of the Communist effort transcends the conventional barriers, and therefore the conventional vocabulary is anachronistic." Was it, for instance, an external or internal

For the Record

Campaign to cash U.S. Treasury Bonds in protest against probable U.S. purchase of UN bonds gaining momentum. Secretary Dillon reported uneasy overtone of letters his Department is receiving. . . . Word in Democratic cloakroom of Senate: the President's decision on renewed in-atmosphere nuclear tests will depend on public reaction between now, firing date. (Gallup reports 66 per cent of Americans support resumption; 25 per cent opposed.) . . . Red China propagandists making big thing of State Department release of 1943 papers on China decrying "corruption" of Chiang Kai-shek; they feel this may be tip-off to new U.S. China policy.

AFL-CIO planning to spend $1 million on voter registration drive, keyed to strategic areas for this fall's congressional elections. . . . In Arkansas, Sen. Fulbright no longer has to worry about Rep. Dale Alford. Alford last week filed in gubernatorial, not senatorial primary. . . . Man-bites-dog: Conservative GOP gubernatorial candidate John Lupton of Connecticut urges more power for state Assembly, less for Executive.

In the works, replacement of French Premier Michel Debré, probably by Louis Joxe, who negotiated Algerian cease-fire. Debré, while carrying out de Gaulle's orders did not, reportedly, agree with de Gaulle's Algerian policy. . . . Ghana Premier Kwame Nkrumah taking no chances: he's extended length of time a man can be held in prison without trial under Preventive Detention Act—from five to twenty years. . . . Sékou Touré, President of Guinea, disenchanted with Soviet support, announces he is calling home 43 students who have been studying at University of Moscow. . . Tito and Nasser planning June conference of neutrals to discuss effects of western Europe's economic coalition. . . .On March 23, stock markets of Common Market countries fell to lowest level since early September 1961. Cause: anxiety over current discussions of wage and tariff policies.

Konrad Adenauer, who recently received from a political non-aficionado an entry card to an old people's home, returned it with comment: Expect me Jan. 15, 1976 (his hundredth birthday).

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achievement of the Communist enterprise when Communists in Moscow initiated a world-wide campaign to derogate Chiang Kai-shek, and prettify Mao Tse-tung, which campaign, before long, had the most influential China hands in the United States hornswoggled, materially affecting our foreign policy? Such are the distinctions with which Fr. Cronin does not deal. Admittedly, his pamphlet is, well, simplified. It is written for a very large audience. He expects to sell a million copies.

The principal error it makes is an error which knoweth not denominational boundaries: it is the error of many priests, ministers and rabbis who preach that we can beat the Communists by burnishing our own souls. Be honest, moral, tolerant, encourage national unity and racial integration, be charitable towards those with whom you disagree and—you will go to Heaven, to be sure, but your passage there might well be expedited by a Soviet bullet. *"Do your part to make this a better and stronger nation, and we shall not fear what the Communists plot and scheme against us."* Here is the secularization of the unique relationship that exists between man and God. Be good, and ye shall have eternal rewards: they carry that divine promise forward, and say, Be good, and ye shall have nothing to fear from Soviet imperialism. But it does not follow. This is the kind of heresy Will Herberg wrote about a few weeks ago when he warned against the new social gospel, which holds that God cannot be expected to be on our side against the Soviet Union because of our great historical maculations (slavery, colonialism, etc.).

Alas, if every one of us were as angelic as Raphael, it would not follow that we would win the war against the Communists. The Communists know how to conquer good people too. What did our greed and materialism and pornography and dope traffic and all the rest of the ignominious blotches on our culture that Fr. Cronin and we deplore, have to do with the loss of Czechoslovakia? Our failures have been primarily failures of 1) understanding, 2) will, and 3) imaginative statecraft. We do not want a national unity, cannot afford a national unity, behind the proposition that, to check the Communists, we need merely to purify ourselves. We must do that too, for eternally imperative reasons; but we must do other things too, more things than Fr. Cronin indicates, if we are to hold back the Communists. Dr. Schwarz has indicated what some of those things are. And it is the very best instinct which he has aroused in many of his followers—a genuine moral concern for the plight of millions of people who look forward to an eternity of slavery, because the leaders of the West talk as though they believe the answer to tanks crushing students in Budapest is more sit-ins in Montgomery, Alabama.

Our Eyes Are on U Thant

It is probable that the role of Acting Secretary General will in due course metamorphose into Secretary General, pure and simple; it is on nobody's agenda nowadays to find a replacement for U Thant. All the more reason to inquire further into that inscrutable gentleman's intellectual and moral condition. For almost a year now he has blended into the anonymity of the International Civil Service, thus even maintaining a proper diplomatic silence when, in Burma, General Ne Win deposed U Thant's patron and alter ego, Premier U Nu, a few weeks ago.

But U Thant was not always so reserved, and what he said in 1958 is highly revealing of the way in which, as Secretary General, he understands the problems of our time. On April 11, 1958, that is to say after the Korean War and after the Hungarian uprising, U Thant delivered a speech before the Annual Meeting of the American Academy of Political and Social Science in Philadelphia. Only political and social scientists would have listened to such egregious and mischievous political and social nonsense. The late Alfred Kohlberg handed in his resignation to the chairman. Kohlberg was free to resign from an organization which would sponsor an address by U Thant. But we are apparently not free to resign from an organization headed by U Thant. What was it he said?

On Peaceful Coexistence: "It is not our business to pass judgment on the internal affairs of other countries. The recognition of this basic fact enables us to subscribe to the principles of peaceful coexistence. Our attitude should be governed solely by consideration of peace. We [Burmese] are convinced that it is not the path of wisdom to form military blocs, to enter into a hectic armament race and to rant hysterically at each other. These measures certainly do not make for peace; they only increase tensions. If the world's great religions like Islam and Christianity, after a prolonged and bloody war for centuries, flourish side by side in peace and amity, why should not Communist and non-Communist systems be permitted to coexist peacefully?

"Let me be candid. When American foreign policy did concern itself with what was happening in the rest of the world, it did so out of fear and suspicion—fear of Communism and suspicion of Communist motives. Fear and suspicion are very undesirable states of mind. They breed hatred, and hatred in turn breeds cruelty and intolerance. Fear of Soviet Communism has led the United States, and those who follow her lead, to take a distorted view of the world situation, and of the forces that are at work in modern society.

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"When I say [this], I think I reflect the views of most thinking Asians. The weapons of the Soviet are in the first instance economic, social and ideological: only secondarily military. If she relied primarily upon military action why has she not resorted to it before now?"

On the Admission of Red China to the UN: "The United States' policy towards China is unreal. It needs a thorough re-examination and reappraisal. . . . The reason behind the United States' attitude towards China is the contention that Communist China is bent on world domination. I find it difficult to understand this attitude when military force is neither in use nor immediately in prospect.

"The refusal of the United States to support the admission of China to the United Nations is based on two assumptions: that the Chinese Government's behavior unfits it for membership in the World Organization; that the Peking Government's grip on China may be broken at any moment. No one, however, believes this."

(At this point, Dr. C. H. Lowe of the Chinese Embassy rose and requested permission of the Chairman to leave the room.)

On Soviet Conquests: "[It is] unprofitable to ask who fired the first shot in a war between two countries. The relevant consideration . . . is that, unlike Nazi Germany, the Soviet Union did not compel by actual military invasion any of its neighbors to become satellites. Eastern Germany and Austria are exceptions, but Soviet troops established in those territories were, like Western forces, legitimate armies of occupation.

"It can be argued, however, that though the Soviet Union has not as yet attempted to impose its will on any state outside the Communist cordon, the Soviet has had and still has the intention to do so whenever the circumstances are favorable. But it is very difficult to arrive at an objective appraisal of such suppositions. Suspicions are not proof, and it is doubtful whether any proof has been established to sustain this charge."

For Interested Readers of the Wall Street Journal

Douglas Caddy, National Director of Young Americans for Freedom, wrote to the *Wall Street Journal* a few weeks ago to express his opposition to the founding in New York State of a Conservative Party (designed to put pressure on Republicans to nominate non-ADA Republicans, thus to do for the Republican Party of New York—keep it Right—what the Liberal Party does for the Democratic Party—keep it Left). In the text of his letter, says Caddy, he made it clear that he wrote not in his official capacity, *i.e.*, on behalf of YAF, but as an individual.

The *Wall Street Journal,* says Caddy, trimmed that part of his letter, thus giving the impression that YAF itself was formally renouncing the new movement.

Promptly, the Policy Committee of the Board of Directors of Young Americans for Freedom wrote to the *Wall Street Journal* a brief letter making it plain that YAF took no official position on the new party. To the astonishment of everyone concerned, the editor of the *Journal* has flatly refused to run this clarifying letter, giving as his reason that it is an "internal matter" for YAF to decide what letters Caddy should or shouldn't write, a matter, moreover, "not of the slightest interest to the readers of the *Wall Street Journal.*"

Well, as readers of the *Wall Street Journal,* we think it *is* a matter of interest to other readers of the *Wall Street Journal,* and publish the above account for the benefit of those who, having read the *Journal's* letters page, are under the mistaken impression that the nation's most militant conservative youth organization has turned its back on the most newsworthy conservative political development in New York State in years.

Notes and Asides

GOOFS, Inc. . . . So radiant have been our enormities during the past few weeks, we seem to be able to make all the peccadilloes we want, free, gratis, unnoticed. But our conscience is burdened. Last week we sentenced Communists Carl Braden and Frank Wilkinson to jail for "perjury" (it was contempt of Congress). . . . At the same time we discussed, with pleasure, the exposure of C. P. Snow by F. H. Leavis (it's F. R. Leavis). . . . The following sentence was attributed to Wm. Buckley (giving credence to Paar's contention that he is unintelligible), sliding by the entire proof-and-copy staff: "What kind of problem is it, and what are its ramifications, when the intellectual and the vulgarian write (! . . . *unite*) so gladly to exhibit their ignorance to the great public?". . . . And then our very favorite, when we listed (2/27/62) a series of topical political books as Henry Regnery Company's new "Philosophy of Intellectual Conservatives paperback series." (title: Great Debate series.) . . . As we have always said, anything the *New Republic* can do, we can do better.

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From Washington Straight

CATO

The United States Information Agency has gone all-out on production of a film depicting the visit of Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy (a private citizen, holding no office in the U.S. Government) to India and Pakistan.

Rep. Elford A. Cederberg (R., Mich.) got wind of the fact that USIA, apparently not trusting its own staff, had hired a $1,000 per week Hollywood director to make sure of the real professional touch. He fired off a letter to Ed Murrow asking why the taxpayers had to foot the bill for such personal publicity stunts, and just how much did the whole thing cost anyway? Mr. Murrow, a seasoned veteran of controversy, replied smoothly that the film was intended for use by USIA overseas in an effort to make everybody love us by making everybody love Jackie, and the whole thing only cost $72,000 anyway, which is chicken-feed around here.

Mr. Murrow was, unfortunately, less than frank. The film is not going to be limited to overseas distribution, according to sources in USIA. Actually a New York film distributor, United World Films, Inc., is going to handle domestic distribution where it will be used for showings in schools, clubs, meetings and that sort of thing, with the idea, possibly, of leading everybody to love Jack by making everybody love Jackie, in color.

Moreover, these same sources say that the whole thing will cost well over $100,000, not the $72,000 Mr. Murrow claims. And, they add, the real gimmick behind the film is: 1) to make Jack love USIA by making Jackie love USIA, and 2) to make, properly edited, a dandy little campaign film. (Another dimension: the USIA, under Murrow's piloting, sees in the *Jackielog* a chance to cop an international film award or two.)

The Washington Press Corps doesn't seem to want to recognize the fact, but the Administration is getting slaughtered on Capitol Hill these days. From tax reform legislation to Medicare, the Congress is being obstinate, and the most obstinate of all seem to be Kennedy's top lieutenants on the Hill, the committee chairmen.

Rep. Wilbur Mills (D., Ark.), chairman of the all-powerful Ways and Means Committee, has messed up the tax-reform bill so badly that nobody understands it any more. Moreover, it is reported that he will never, repeat, never, let Medicare get out of his Committee.

These bills are two of Kennedy's top priority items. It is said that he will be content to see them, plus other items such as foreign trade and the farm program, get fouled up during this session. Then, the word is, he will "go to the people" and blame the whole mess on Republicans in Congress.

GOP pros here doubt it will work. The overwhelming numerical superiority of the Democrats makes that line hard to sell, they say, and they doubt that the American people are so arithmetically untutored that they will swallow it. Besides, they warn, Kennedy has already tried that approach on the Urban Affairs Bill and has got nothing to show for it but a slight tarnishing of his reputation as a political tactician.

Former President Eisenhower is said to be readying a blast at the sponsors of a new book, *The Liberal Papers.* Ike is disturbed over the presence of left-wing extremists in the Administration, and would like to balance his attacks on the Right by letting loose at the ADA crowd. Moreover, the word is that Dick Nixon is equally disturbed and may have something to say in the near future.

Speaking of *The Liberal Papers,* Rep. James Roosevelt, who wrote the introduction to the book (which, advocating surrender on the installment plan, says "better Red than dead" in more ways than one would have thought possible), took the floor of the House the other day to defend the book and his participation in the project. Roosevelt cited the value of doing creative thinking (like sharing Dewline with Russia?), and said that the Liberal Project members "learned" much from their interviews with project authors.

The GOP plans to make *The Liberal Papers* a prime campaign issue. The book will be used extensively against Roosevelt, whose district in California has undergone surgery through redistricting and is a good deal less solid-Democratic than it used to be.

Republicans feel that they have a good issue here, and at least two Democrats seem to agree. Rep. Frank Thompson (D., N.J.) and Rep. Henry Ruess (D., Wisc.)—who participated in the project and wants badly to be chairman of the new Democratic House Steering Committee — have both repudiated the book.

People around town are wondering what President Kennedy had to give "Uncle Carl" Vinson, the ageless Chairman of the House Armed Services Committee, in order to get him to drop his fight to force the Administration to build the supersonic B-70 (now rechristened the RS-70).

A few Republicans unkind enough to have long memories recall that it was Vinson who led his Georgia delegation over to the Administration side during the Rules Committee fight last year. And they also remember that Civil Rights legislation did not come up in the House last year.

Bits & Pieces. President Kennedy is going to the Summit early this summer, if the word around town is correct. And he may use this as an excuse, says rumor, to call off resumption of nuclear testing in the atmosphere.

If this turns out to be true, the word is that he can expect to be torn to pieces by members of both parties on the Hill. Sentiment for immediate resumption of testing is running high here. Few members of Congress are willing to swallow any excuses peddled by the Administration for a further postponement beyond the present April deadline.

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On the Palm Beach Frontier

If NAACP and CORE want to sink their teeth into a juicy civil rights campaign, why not try the winter playground of clan Kennedy?

ROBERT LEWIS TAYLOR

Palm Beach, Winter '62

The casual visitor to this moneyed strand, one of the many homesites of our Leader, is startled, shocked, by the extreme segregation that exists in what should be a model community, a shining sample of how Presidents practice what they preach.

While brother Bobby (left halfback, all-White House touchball, '61, '62) is harrying the white citizens of Alabama, Georgia and Mississippi, the Kennedy family (not excluding the left halfback) is presumably enjoying its segregated state in Palm Beach. For Palm Beach, the free wintertime choice of the Kennedy group, is perhaps the most strictly segregated village in America. No matter how ferocious Robert Kennedy may feel about the aloof lunch counters of Jacksonville and elsewhere, no Negro within the memory of the oldest citizen has ever sat down to dine in a Palm Beach restaurant. More alarmingly, a kind of tacit curfew prevails, such as the one in East Berlin. At sundown, Negroes quietly retreat from the Palm Beach sidewalks, to disappear into some murky, Kennedy-supported black Ghetto across Lake Worth. The Palm Beach police (and they range the streets in numbers reminiscent of Castro's unholy gendarmerie) are quick to act at the sight of a misplaced dark face; here Negroes function as low-paid servants, and any attempt to enhance their status, even to the point of a window-shopping stroll, is certain to end in trouble. *No Negro is permitted to own a home in the President's winter town.*

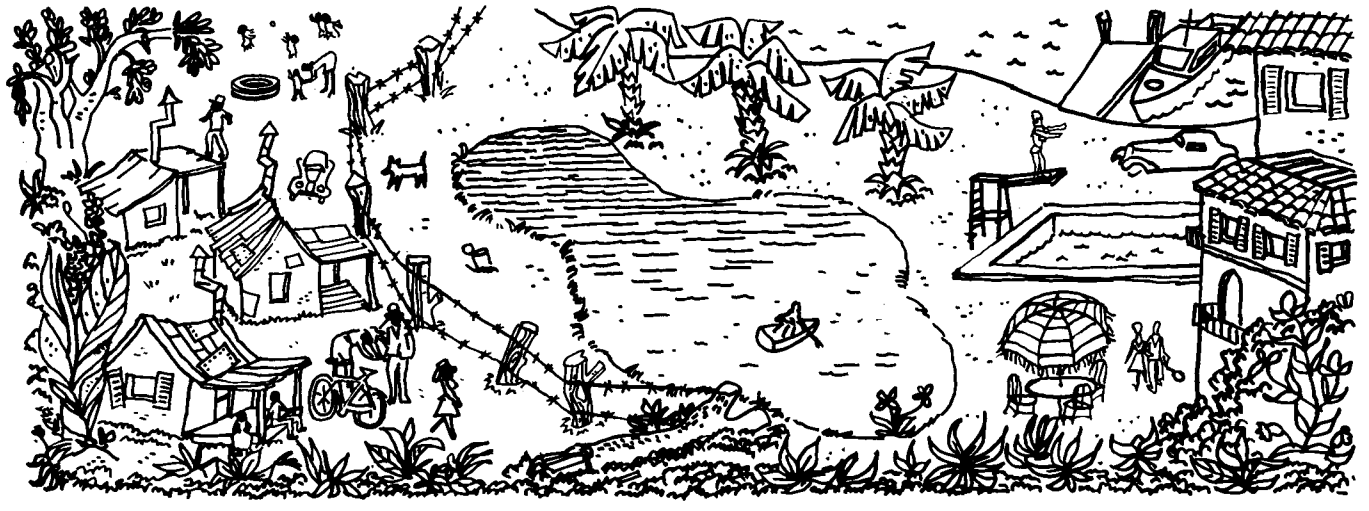
Look magazine, hewing to its idolatrous line, has a current picture-and-caption coverage of Palm Beach that slurs over the segregation aspect of Mr. Kennedy's vacationland. A photograph shows a group of happy, laughing Negro children (in *West* Palm Beach) dancing a carefree if tightly segregated twist. Of this, a caption says: "Outside the Y.W.C.A. youngsters dance the West Palm Beach version of the twist, equally popular in Palm Beach." What the caption means, but somehow fails to say, is that the twist in Palm Beach is danced by whites only.

A waggish citizen, not given to hypocritical Liberalism, has suggested that the President, to show his sincerity about the new Cabinet post for a Negro, should first entertain Robert C. Weaver at the Palm Beach manse and then take him to a downtown restaurant. Further, Mr. Kennedy should insist that Weaver accompany him for a round of golf at his Palm Beach club, followed, of course, by a drink at the clubhouse bar. If the experiment fails, then our Civil-Rights-minded Leader should quit Palm Beach in a hurry.

Rigidly Separate

At the railroad and bus depots, which the Kennedys theoretically use for their comings and goings in quest of sun, yachting and water-skiing (actually, very few of the executive family have traveled from Washington to Palm Beach by bus), Negroes sit in small, special waiting rooms, have separate restrooms, and drink from non-white water fountains. Several employees, questioned, have never heard a Kennedy protest any of these colored facilities. The movies —a favorite recreation of the Presidential group—are kept rigidly separate.

The general subject of the President's torpid drive to integrate himself is complex. While he recently found favor in the mawkish Liberal press by withdrawing his application for membership in Washington's Cos-



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mos Club, he has disappointed many by not dropping his several other clubs that practice prejudice of one kind or another. Did he, one wonders, demand that his club at Mother Harvard admit Negroes? Does it admit Negroes now? If not, he should quickly renounce the club, and denounce Harvard, which, it has been recommended, should probably be dissolved anyway, in the interest of national security, Dean Acheson to the contrary notwithstanding.

The Simple Life

The President's agile gestures are interesting to observe. He (very publicly) joined the only Palm Beach golf club that admits Jews, but does it also take Negroes? If not, Mr. Kennedy should duplicate his political evasion from the Cosmos Club. Not having done so to date, he presumably feels at heart that a private club, like a private home, has a moral right to tap whomever it chooses. In another gesture, sublime in its silliness, the family last summer rationalized the ownership of a gigantic yacht at Cape Cod. "The crewmen don't wear uniforms, only sweat shirts," was, in effect, the statement given out to emphasize that the yachting exercise had, indeed, a kind of proletarian flavor.

Never before have lamentations about the Common Man been raised to such heights of absurdity by a family wallowing in luxury. The mansion in Palm Beach, the baronial compound on Cape Cod, the French chateau, the town house in Boston, the Virginia plantation, the other pied-à-terres, assuredly give clues to the Kennedys' natural fondness for the simple life. Without question, they favor it for others, though not necessarily for their social coterie; the owners of large houses usually prefer to exchange visits with other owners of large houses. Their fortune, partly established by hawking Haig & Haig whiskey (not milk), is sufficiently vast to withstand the fighting State Department's assaults on the capitalist structure. An abolition of tariffs and similar give-aways may ruin Americans of lesser means, but the Kennedys should weather the storm with all domiciles intact.

Look, which, in its paean, almost but not quite managed to make Palm Beach seem like a Kennedy-dominated branch of Utopia, says, "Palm Beach is virtually free of crime . . . Every street is patrolled every 20 minutes. Strange cars are watched. Everybody employed in the city is fingerprinted and, if acceptable to the police, gets an identity card. Criminals steer clear of Palm Beach. Since 1929, there have been two murders, both solved."

The over-all tone of this is misleading. Perhaps due in part to the iron-fisted policies of exclusion (if FBI statistics may be accepted), the Palm Beach crime rate is indeed low among the ordinary citizens. However, it is very difficult to keep order among police in the area. At this writing, Sheriff John F. Kirk is under arrest, charged with a bewildering variety of misdeeds in office. His temporary successor, Martin M. Kellenberger, has also been suspended, on charges connected with gambling and perjury.

Bulletin: Former City Police Lt. William D. Lockleer has testified that he collected $300 a week from a gambler, the sum then being divided as follows: $100 to ex-Sheriff Kirk, $100 to ex-County Solicitor T. Harold Williams, and $100 to ex-city Police Chief (West Palm) Robert Milburn.

Bulletin: A jury, having pondered this evidence, has blandly cleared John Kirk on all counts, while the presiding judge, Russell H. McIntosh, requests an FBI investigation of a juror who may be a notorious felon.

Bulletin: Sheriff A. B. Widener, appointed by the governor to succeed Kellenberger, has been sued for ten million dollars on charges that he conspired, by means of perjured witnesses, to keep Kellenberger out of office.

Conclusion: The police situation in the Palm Beaches is gravely muddled.

The righteously-scowling Bobby Kennedy, whose antipathy to crime is well known (it having taken the form thus far of hounding a Republican union while permitting an equally malodorous Democratic one to go scot-free of investigation) might well step in and clean up the mess. It is unseemly for the President's community to be so vulgarly plagued.

Sun-drenched, charming, palace-studded, dripping with gems and mink, bumper-to-bumper with Rolls Royces, uniquely rife with class distinction, Palm Beach may not indeed be the ideal place for President Kennedy to plan his spineless socialist heaven.

Extremism in Williamsburg

We have increasingly become disturbed by the rise of extremism in some of our sister colonies, notably Virginia and Massachusetts. The latest example of this unwholesome trend is a speech by Patrick Henry in the House of Burgesses in Virginia, where he was quoted by reliable authorities as having said, "Caesar had his Brutus, Charles I his Cromwell, and George III—may profit by their example." Such tactics do ill service to the colonies' image in Parliament and the Courts of Europe.

Mr. Henry, whose credentials as a lawyer are dubious, has long been a spokesman of that small but vocal minority who seek to undermine confidence in the Crown and its institutions. It might be well for His Majesty to appoint a commission to investigate any possible connection between Mr. Henry and the smuggling interests in Boston and certain other ports.

This diatribe, which upset the dignity and decorum of the House of Burgesses, is typical of the emotional and dangerous sentiments being stirred up by opponents of the Stamp Tax. The Virginia extremists are deliberately seeking to weaken the ties of Royal Authority over the colonies. Rather than listen to such irresponsible outbursts, the subjects of His Majesty should put their trust in the government in London and the good faith of their King. To do otherwise is to court the unthinkable policies of sedition and separation.

—Editorial, the *New York Times*,
May 30, 1765
(From the archives of John D. Kirwan)

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The Third World War

Ideology and Foreign Aid

JAMES BURNHAM

Taken at face value, a large part of the discussion of "foreign aid"—as of most other political questions—is irrelevant or meaningless. Revolving within the sphere of ideology, it touches only indirectly and symbolically on the empirical issues that are actually at stake.

Considered rationally, it is ridiculous to be simplistically "for" or "against" an undefined abstraction labeled "foreign aid." There are a dozen different facts indiscriminately grouped under the term. The effect of any specific kind of foreign aid will vary enormously from one place to another, and from one time to another. Whether you are "for" one specific kind in one place at one time would depend, if you were rational about it, on what goal you had in mind, and on the likelihood that this kind of aid, here and now, really will help you toward your goal.

Presidential Abstractions

The President defended his new $5 billion "foreign aid" package with a barrage of abstractions: "vital to the interests of the U.S."; "just as important as our national defense"; "new nations poised between order and chaos"; "help [other nations] help themselves"; and of course "defense against Communism"—"anyone not interested in the fight against Communism," the President sarcastically concluded, should go ahead and cut down the appropriation.

This was all very well, but it was not accompanied by a shred of supporting evidence. Nor has there ever been, from the start of the foreign aid program in 1947, any objective study of what its actual effects have been, either as a whole or in parts. Is foreign aid in truth "vital to our interest"? Does it really serve "the fight against Communism"? Does it in actual fact favor "order" over "chaos"? Does it indeed "help other nations help themselves"?—and if it does in this or that case, is it the same for all cases? Nobody knows the answers to these questions. No serious effort has ever been made to find out the answers.

There are, however, a few things we *do* know about the function and effect of the foreign aid program; and these, though seldom stressed in public speeches, have a good deal to do with the program's demonstrated ability to survive over the years, come Democrat or Republican.

Foreign Aid Business

First: the foreign aid program disposes, in a manner profitable to many U.S. citizens and corporations and thus also employees, of large amounts of the products of the U.S. economy. In their Capitol Hill lobbying (as distinguished from public speaking) for foreign aid bills, Administration spokesmen insist that 80 per cent of the appropriations end up purchasing American industrial or farm products. This seems very likely.

Sharing this multi-billion-dollar bonanza, thousands of American businesses profitably supply everything from black limousines for new rulers to paper clips for new clerks. A $100 million new road in Southeast Asia may sink quickly back into the jungle, but it took a lot of road machinery to build it, American ships to transport the machines, and American engineers with special expense allowances to direct them; and all such get paid for, thanks to foreign aid, in dolllars or dollar-equivalents.

Special note should be taken of foreign aid's role in getting rid of many billions of dollars worth of our unsalable agricultural surplus, thus making room for still further surpluses of farm products to be sold to the government at inflated prices.

The foreign military aid program serves the additional purpose of permitting the Pentagon to unload large quantities of obsolescent equipment, thus bolstering requests for new equipment, improving thereby both our defense capability and the order backlogs of our arms manufacturers.

Except for the secondary military effect just cited, this first function of foreign aid is a derivative of domestic economic interests. The post-1947 foreign aid program may be seen in larger perspective as merely one expression of a need perennially manifested by the American economy over the past fifty years: the need to throw away a lot of money. The form of throwing changes: in the First World War, it was grants to help our Allies make the world safe for democracy; in the '20s, unsound loans to Latin America, soon repudiated; in the '30s, there were no throwaways—and domestic depression; in the Second World War, Lend-Lease; in the immediate postwar period, UNRRA; then "foreign aid," which itself has gone through several stages. The form and ideological justification change, but the fiscal substance remains the same.

Foreign Aid Empire

Second: The foreign aid program supports a large and always growing army of bureaucrats, American, UN and foreign. The livelihood, perquisites, privileges and powers of this foreign aid bureaucracy are obviously dependent on the continuation and expansion of foreign aid appropriations. Moreover, the foreign aid apparatus offers a patronage pudding for the regime in power, with lots of jobs and supply orders for plums.

It should surprise no one that this bureaucracy argues for foreign aid as essential to survival—its own survival, that is, which it readily identifies, as do most groups, with survival in general. Its propaganda has lately latched on to a version of the Rostow stages-of-growth theory that would make the foreign aid program—and thus itself—unlimited and eternal: the concept (actually stated in the preamble to last year's foreign aid act) that any economic improvement in any nation anywhere helps create "the kind of international environment" that our "national objectives" require. The fact that this concept—besides begging the question whether foreign aid actually does promote economic improvement—is palpable nonsense does not lessen its ideological utility.

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Principles and Heresies

FRANK S. MEYER

What Is Under the Bed?

It is the stock-in-trade of the respectable ostriches who populate the posts that influence and command American policy, to shriek in unison at the anti-Communist: "Seeing Communists under the bed" . . . "conspiracy theory of history" . . . "hysterical paranoia." Of course, if these gentlemen had ever looked under the bed and verified that there was nothing there, instead of standing with their heads buried and their rumps in the air, they would deserve to be listened to with attention. For it is quite true that to see things under the bed when there is nothing there, to suspect conspiracies where they do not exist, is most unsteadying to the intellect and dangerous to the health of the social order—almost as dangerous as not to see things when they *are* there.

Meyer

Decades of Liberal pooh-poohing of the reality of the Communist conspiracy have created an atmosphere where it is *de rigueur* for the Left to deny the possibility of conspiracy ever having any serious effect on history (other historical eras in which conspiracy played a conspicuous role are conveniently ignored). On the other hand, in sections of the Right, the true existence of conspiracy as a decisive and inescapable fact in world events sometimes tends to be exaggerated out of all proportion. This misestimation is carried in some circles almost to the point of neglecting completely the other factors which, by their own forces and by interaction with conspiracy, have in this century prevailed so disastrously against the traditions and the fabric of Western civilization.

Indeed, at the margin, the idea of conspiracy has so passionately seized the imagination of some that they are not content with the hideous existence of the actual, documentable, powerfully functioning Communist conspiracy, but must needs conjure up still deeper, more devilish conspiracies, hatched in the murky regions of the intellectual underworld—conspiracies encompassing Communists, international bankers, Freemasons, Jews, Catholics, and Heaven knows whom else, all directed by some mysterious "They," some arcane "Invisible Government."

Even when conspiracy is understood in a limited and legitimate way, avoiding murky imaginings and concentrating upon the actual Communist conspiracy, the same tendency to underestimate the danger of non-conspiratorial factors exists and plays havoc with the attainment of a true understanding of the forces arrayed against us and the development of an effective battle plan to combat them. Actually, there are three forces with which American conservatives must contend: the Communist world enterprise, with its military, political and world-wide subversive powers; the American Communist conspiracy, which is a detachment behind our lines of that enterprise's multi-dimensional army; and—on a very different level—the corrosive ideology of American Liberalism, which eats away at the foundation values of our civilization and our Republic.

Each of these has a specific weight of its own; each has specific characteristics which require that the struggle against them be conducted in a specific way. No one of them alone has created the situation with which we have to deal. As a matter of fact, the purely conspiratorial element, the domestic Communist conspiracy, is intrinsically the least formidable of the three. If it were not for the power it derives, as a parachute division in our rear, from the massive army in our front, it would pose little serious danger. Even then, if it were not for the confusion in our counsels and the debilitation of our will that Liberalism sows, the conspiracy would be unable effectively to function.

It goes without saying that it should be exposed, harried, persecuted, that we should take the necessary steps to destroy it just as if it were an armed contingent in the rear of a fighting army. The Communist movement in the United States is in effect, if not strictly legally, treasonable; and all that would be necessary to prosecute it under the treason statute would be for the Congress of the United States to recognize the fact of the war prosecuted against us by international Communism for the past four decades. Short of the improbable event, however, of official recognition that a spade is a spade, the intensification of informed private activities of exposure, and of public prosecution under existing statutes (and under any other constitutional measures that are found necessary), should be sufficient to deal with the conspiracy.

But that done, the task of the defenders of the Western and American tradition would be only begun. There remain two problems of very different characters: First, to turn our retreat before the Communist world power into intensified counterattack, carried forward until we have achieved victory. And, secondly, by entirely different methods (because here we are dealing not with a determined enemy, but with confused and misguided fellow citizens), by education, debate, public activity of all kinds, political organization, to win from the Liberal Establishment the commanding heights of the nation. This latter is necessary not only because the internal recovery of our constitutional institutions and the ethos of Western civilization demand it, but also (as I attempted to show in these pages recently—"The Liberal Veto," February 27), because the Liberals are innately incapable of leading an effective fight against Communism.

These are the decisive elements of our conservative responsibility. The fight against the detachment of international Communism that is the American Communist conspiracy, is integral to our total problem; but it constitutes only a part of that problem, and not the most important part.

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Babylonian Meditation

Created by the West, the myth of the East haunts Western man eternally, and tempts him to dilute or forget his inheritance

FREDERICK D. WILHELMSEN

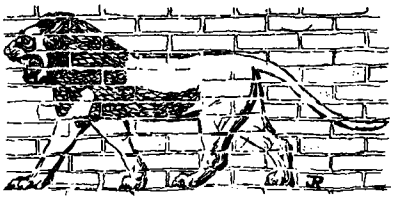
The other day I was in Babylon. The approach to the ruins is through a fine arch made of the same dun-colored brick from which was built the old city of sin. Stacked up against the walls of the little museum set back behind the arch were tiers upon tiers of the same bricks stamped with the famous lion. The government of Iraq is rebuilding the city and when finished Babylon will be as she was. An unobservant visitor could not tell the difference between brick taken from the original site and that from the new arch. They build now as they did then, four thousand years ago.

Emotionally Babylon was a failure, or, to put the matter more justly, I failed in my efforts to find the spirit, the genie, the soul of the place. I walked down the stretch of street that leads to the Temple of Ishtar, goddess of fertility, and I experienced nothing at all. And it was only after I had left and was on the road back to Babylon that I remembered Daniel and the Lions' Den.

The Lion of Babylon is an impressive beast, reposing on a little mound set back from the pits where the workers are clearing away the earth as they bring the city to light. The lion stands over a fallen victim and looks out upon what remains of the Tower of Babel. But he doesn't remember the captivity because this lion is a fake: the real one is in the Berlin Museum. If I were asked what I came to know in Babylon I could only answer that I came to know absence. Abraham must have passed by here, and God made His Covenant with His people Israel only down the road a piece at Ur of Chaldee. But all this meant nothing to me.

I ate my lunch on the rubble of Nebuchadnezzar's banquet hall and I drank an indifferent red wine that comes from Mosul in the north where there are Christians. I surrendered every effort at comprehension. After I had eaten, I gave oranges to two beautiful little girls who played hide-and-go-seek with me in the ruins. Then I went back to my own place, the West, and resolved to read Genesis; but so far I have not gotten around to it. I have been too busy thinking out these thoughts which I set down altogether without any confidence in their ultimate truth.

The East is a state of mind within the geography of the Western psyche. The East is a myth invented by the West in order that the West might find a measure by which to judge itself and find itself wanting. The effort at criticism is an altogether Western thing and it has often betrayed our enemies into a false judgment of weakness. Carthage paid for this mistake with her life and even the very memory of her name. Yet it remains true nonetheless that this luxury of self-criticism that only the West can afford because of its very superiority has in our time approached a danger zone, a line which once crossed would mark the grave of our inheritance



because it would mean that we had lost our soul. The Eastern myth is the most enduring and not the least of these signposts pointing to the zone of danger.

As far as the turn of the century Hilaire Belloc could exult in what he thought was the permanent reconquest of the Maghreb and the assured presence of France and the Latin Order up and down the southern shore of the Mediterranean: he was confident that the enemy would fade into the desert and that all things would be as they were, the boundaries of the Empire restored to their ancient integrity, the three sisters—Spain, France, Italy—spading and planting the African north, thus converting it once again into a garden worthy of the husbandry of free men. Belloc could not predict Algerian independence and the betrayal of France by France. These things would have had no meaning for him because he was a man altogether too knit together by the sinews of the West to ever doubt her ultimate victory. Today we are not so sure. Even when Belloc wrote his *Esto Perpetua* upon Algerian France, Gilbert Keith Chesterton wrote a fantasy about an England bereft of her liberties, given over to Moslem simplicity and the absence of wine. *The Flying Inn* was an apocalypse masked as a penny dreadful. It probed the sinews of the Western spirit until it found our permanent disease, our perpetual temptation to embrace the East.

Role of the UN

The temptation has a long history. It is at least as old as the Crusades and the Kingdom of Jerusalem, where Frankish knights married the daughters of Levantine merchants and softened under the sun while the hopes of Europe were pinned on the already suspect Templars, men sworn to keep open the roads to the Sepulchre for pilgrims coming from the West, but who had succumbed in their hearts to the Eastern passion for secret power built upon great wealth.

Is there some symbol or warning to us in the memory of the last king of Jerusalem, Baldwin? He was a blind man. I cannot answer my own question but I do know that it is in the cities of the Western world,

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far from the presence of the East, that the Myth of the East has found its home. The Myth exists as a literary pretension and as an academic prejudice. It oppressed Christians (and, to a lesser extent, Jews) for centuries in little ways but today it is a formidable part of the furniture of the secularized mind, the mind that has been emptied of faith in the destiny of its own culture and of its religion. The Myth would have remained little more than a nuisance indulged by bohemians and enthusiasts had it not been for the coming of the United Nations and the enormous power that that body exercises for the dissemination of planetary propaganda and for the cross-breeding of hitherto pure cultural strains.

The many agencies for the exchange of scholars and students clustering about United Nations headquarters in New York, whose impact is felt in distant Kurdistan and Black Africa, find their activities flushed out and perfected by dozens of private foundations. All of them together work toward a common understanding between peoples, a laudable goal whose intrinsic desirability is often obscured by some of its prophets who serve it badly because their philosophies of history and of education are vitiated at their centers by one of two fallacies. The first fallacy assumes that world is one; it preaches the doctrine of a one world within whose limits cultural differences must wither under the demands of the new mass society whose style of life is created by the anonymity of technology, an anonymity that neither respects nor ought to respect any way of life foreign to its own essence. These people cannot respect the East for whatever genuine values it incarnates because these technocrats can respect nothing that is incompatible with their dream of total mechanization.

The Eastern Myth

The second fallacy is apparently the opposite of the first, but it works to a similiar effect in the minds of men unsettled in their ultimate convictions upon the meaning of life. This second fallacy is the Eastern Myth. It admits the existence of cultural distinctions, but it confines the meaning of the West to its scientific and technical superiority and, possibly, to a handful of Liberal and radical political traditions whose roots are more in the French than in the American Revolution. The *spiritual* dimension of life—according to the Myth—belongs to the East, which is thought to be somehow superior to the West because of its indifference to matter and its supposed dedication to the unseen things of the soul. The West, under the suppositions of the Myth, is urged to give to the East its scientific genius and accept in return the gift of wisdom and the inner peace that is the blessing of those who have known the secret chambers of the oriental mind.

The business is urged in a dozen quarters and is the implicit presumption underlying scores of books and articles that address themselves to the meeting of the East and West. The Myth has helped create Western pacificism, and even "Christian" adherents of the doctrine of non-violent resistance find in Gandhi the doctrine they seek for in vain in Christ. The Myth invades the political order and helps keep alive the distinction between national and Russian Communism. It points with complacency to the survival of Marshal Tito's Yugoslavia as a model for the peaceful evolution of future co-existence. The Myth is altogether mindless of the fact that otherwise decent human beings come to condone the continued suppression of a Western people who used Latin in their courts and the Dieta until the closing years of the last century; who still today publish medical journals in the same common tongue of Christendom; who were always separated from the tribes to their immediate south and east by a chivalry of manner and a high courtesy in letters and in life that are one with Europe: I refer, of course, to the Croats. But the Eastern Myth sees nothing specifically Western as being worthy of salvation.

The Myth would give French Africa to Islam and would view with indifference the insulting spectacle of nomad tribes riding in triumph through the streets of Algiers prepared to enjoy and then neglect and let fall into decay all that France has done within a century of reconquest and creation. The North would be given back again to the desert as it was when Islam first despoiled it twelve hundred years ago, although it is likely that the conquerers would subsist for a time within an empty mockery of the order that it had supplanted, because Islam would hire Europeans and possibly Americans to do the work that is foreign to the simplicity of its creed. The Eastern Myth would not have created this disaster but it would have been an ally to the barbarian within our own walls, whose only political faith is surrender to the enemy. The Myth is the main strength of Lumumbism in the West. The Myth gave Goa and Portuguese India to Nehru, this altogether despite the fact that the native population in these enclaves boasts a civilization that was launched by Prince Henry the Navigator, a civilization whose face is stamped with the high baroque of the seventeenth century, whose glory is the tongue of *The Luciads* and the citizenship of Lisbon. The Myth is the enemy of Europe wherever and whenever Europe must face a menace hostile to its presence.

Spirit and Matter

The Myth has its philosophical and religious side as well. It would have us seek spiritual solace in Brahma and the Upanishads, and in I know not how many other fantastic doctrines. The Eastern Myth is a disease. In its extreme form it poisons a man like Aldous Huxley, who urges on us hashish in the name of a prefabricated mysticism. In a more innocent form it insinuates itself into fads such as the one that preaches yoga in the name of the higher life. In all cases it reveals what I consider to be the peculiar and unique danger of the East to the West: the subtle materialization of the spiritual in the name of its reverse, the spiritualization of the material.

Lacking any doctrine of the *sanctification* of the world through transformation and ultimate transfiguration as preached by St. Paul in the name of the Incarnate God, the East has had to invent every kind of cunning strategy in order to link soul and body, heaven and earth. Thus mysterious waves and currents, "energies," influences, and "mag-

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netic" powers substitute for the grace of God. Highly amusing and often comical when preached by Western dowagers and school marms who have suddenly taken to what they call "metaphysics," the very atmosphere engendered by this kind of thing indicates the perpetual hurt that Manichaeanism always works in the West.

The denial or the denigration of matter removes any effective criterion by which what is *not* material can be recognized by man. I cannot distinguish two things that are identical with each other! It follows that the denial of the reality of matter works paradoxically to its own contradiction: spirit becomes matter and both of them lose that interplay the recognition of which can almost be said to define the essence of our civilization. That these aberrations belong to the Far East and not to Islam as such is a mark of the superiority of Islam to what lies to its own spiritual East. Islam preserves the values of barbarism, and, as Ortega y Gasset once wrote, barbaric values are not to be despised: beyond them the only values that exist are civilized values and these last belong to us and to those who have been penetrated by our spirit.

Western Inheritance

I have called this aberration the Myth of the East and I confess that its very indefiniteness makes it difficult to describe with precision. To a certain extent it even forms part of our own legend: who does not remember Saladin slitting the lace with his scimitar and thus shaming Richard the Lion Heart, who could do nothing better than crudely split a rock with his great two-handed sword? There is truth in every myth and I would suggest (although I confess that I advance the thesis with some hesitation) that the truth found within the Eastern Myth is the misplacement of a truth about the West itself.

The Occident, the Land of the Evening, has its *own* west and east. The issue is defined for us by the names of Rome and Greece, the one practical and the other speculative. From the one we inherit almost all our political institutions, our frontiers until we sailed west toward America, our law to the degree to which it is not the common law of the Anglo-Saxon tradition or the Basque law of the French-Spanish frontier, our roads and our engineering genius, our agriculture and our wine. From the other we inherit our critical spirit, our science, our philosophical tradition which was the form in which the Faith expressed itself rationally. The common Christian religion of the West we have from Israel but our earliest documents in which the memorials of Our Savior were written down are given us in Greek, a language heavily penetrated by the Hellenic spirit and still living its life very close to the springs of being. Our east *is* speculative, *is* indifferent to practical mastery; our west *is* practical, nervous, bent on arms and the plow, hungry for justice and the law. An east-west dialectic exists *within* the common tradition which is our own, a dialectic open to the world beyond, as was evidenced by Europe's absorption of the Germanic tribes that quickened the whole with their vigor and passion for freedom, but open to the world beyond principally because its Heart and Center was a Man from beyond its own borders.

There is a tension between the practical and the speculative within our own culture that has been stretched almost to the point of contradiction because of our own internal schisms and dissensions. (One can only dream of what the West would have been had the Byzantine Empire held out another fifty years against the Turks.) Not only are there internal contradictions which strengthen the illusion that the *real* East stands for the spirit, but there is also the paradox of medieval values traveling to our own east after they had weakened within our own west. I recall a letter sent me some years ago by Dr. Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn, before I had taken to my travels, lamenting the fact that I did not know the chivalry of eastern Europe, those Magyars and Poles and Croats and men from the great wheat plains and the steppes beyond, who had preserved better than the rest of us the deeds and the name of Rome. In many ways they are the aristocracy and the chivalry of the West. There was one glorious moment but a few years ago, as wrote an inspired wag in NATIONAL REVIEW, when it looked as though Hungary was about to liberate the entire West! For their fidelity to our own tradition these eastern Europeans have been punished at every diplomatic treaty and congress within the past forty odd years.

The Illusion of Profundity

The West has nothing to do with race or with Western *blood*. Lebanon is an Arabic, and in many ways a Christian, country: Beirut breathes a largeness and a liberty that makes of it the Paris of the East. I have heard the Mass sung in Chaldean, in Arabic, and in Syrian and I was not surprised to learn not long ago that the revival in Arabic letters and language that now knits into one the whole Near and Middle East owes its origin to the work of Maronite Christians in Lebanon in the last century. Before then Arabic had decayed into a dust of dialects, and Algerian could not talk to Iraqi. Today a common press covers the whole Arabic world and papers published in Cairo are commented upon the day after in Baghdad. It is a Christian gift, possibly of doubtful value, given the Eastern world.

It is, I think, the awful simplicity of the desert and of the fighting faith that rode out of its wastes in the seventh century that creates in the minds of Westerners the illusion of Eastern profundity. When linked with the confusions sketched above the illusion is often impossible to exorcise. The Western mind has always been bent upon defining, structuring, understanding. Our great theological definitions of the first centuries of

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the Christian epoch attest this passion on a level that surpasses the merely human. Our entire university tradition is marked by the division and the autonomy and limits of each academic discipline. Our laws are complex and we have ever insisted that justice is not one thing, but many things. We have always written "liberty" in the plural when we have been faithful to our own essence. Even the land penetrated by our genius is marked by fences and hedges and signposts proclaiming ownership; and thus they illustrate the poetry of limits.

Mysterious Secret?

But when the human mind denies limits, it denies itself. This can create the illusion of profundity because the absence of limitation and definition remove the conditions for human understanding, and when a man does not understand he often assumes that there is some treasure beyond his capacity when there is only chaos and the void. It is here that we fall into an optical illusion. We confront the East and do not find there *our own* limits: we are tricked into imagining that we face something deeper than ourselves. We are as overawed as is a schoolboy first looking into a Greek text or as most of us when first seeing a Chinese newspaper. We don't understand it because it does not fall within the scope and defined structure of our own understanding. Therefore—and here is the fallacy!—it must contain some deep secret whose possession promises wisdom and joy. The very prohibition against portraiture in Islam suggests an untouched mystery. The intricate lacing that can be seen to such good effect in the Alhambra, so convoluted as it moves in upon itself and thus approaches an interior infinity, when contrasted with the vastness of the desert that stretches away endlessly toward the sun, seeming to swallow the night and make it its own, dizzies the mind bent on fixing itself upon an object worthy of a meaning. There *is* a secret here altogether too sinister to be named, but it is a secret that lies on the other side of Being.

Christian man surrenders sanity and reality when the limits that structure his understanding are under attack. Because he cannot find his own humble face when he looks into the mirror of the East, the Westerner is tricked into thinking that he stumbled upon the very Light of Wisdom itself. But the East has its own rationality, its own limits, and if we would understand them and do them justice we must see them from within. I reserve my observations to Islam because Islam grew up on our own borders and has preserved and even tried to magnify our great affirmation: the One God who disappears in the Far East and who vanishes within the formlessness of Buddhism, whose final teaching is its own atheism.

Islam enshrines an elaborate code of manners that knows friendship but not equality. Moslem generosity is splendid and any man who knows it will ever remain humbled. Islam preserves the family and knows all the virtues of the tribe. Islam suspects the state. Islam can expel what is not its own or, failing that, Islam can ignore it. Islam has shown itself better able to resist Communism than have the Christian minorities in its midst. Islam remembers injustice and does not permit the mere passage of time to throw a patina of respectability upon an outrage done itself. Islam is tough. Islam fixes an awful and lonely God in a heaven that is sometimes too carnal for the spirit and at other times too distant for the flesh. Islam preserves the divine transcendence by never calling God "the greatest," which would place Him within some human category. God is always "Greater" than anything we know, wiser and better than His Handiwork. He is not the greatest because He is Greater than the greatest. There is a deep truth here.

But the limits of Islam often run to mere negation when its faithful turn their minds to the complexity of reality. A beggar will always thank Allah when you give him alms: he will never thank you, because to do so would be to break that solemn Fate that governs all things from before the beginnings of time. Thus the will and with it freedom are negated. The monogamous marriage which involves the mystery of trinity is denied along with the Trinity of the Christian Creed. Islam cannot change and remain itself; all alteration is violent as is the cry from *sura fifty-four* of the Koran which proclaims that "The moon has been split." Without any theory or sense of development and therefore of tradition as we understand the term, the Islamic mind runs to a simplicity in which all subtlety of meaning and largeness of spirit dissolve before a hard and sterile refusal to face the fact of diversity within existence. Subtlety they reserve for business and for war.

Magnificent Certitude

Last year a book was printed in Cairo, written by the Cultural Attaché of the United Arab Republic to Jakarta, and called *Christianity.* In this book there is proven to the satisfaction of all thinking men that the so-called Gospel according to Barnabas is the only document contemporary with the life of Jesus; that this gospel was deliberately hidden somewhere in Rome until the seventeenth century; that this gospel proclaims the true message of Christ. What was this true message? Jesus proclaimed his own non-divinity and announced the coming of the Prophet *by name* six hundred years before his birth! The author also tells his Moslem readers that no intelligent or educated man—*not one, mind you!*—believes in Christianity today. Christianity, incidentally, was invented by St. Paul because he could thereby hide the true message of Jesus which was hateful to him. There are other good things in this book as well: *e.g.,* Paul invented the word "Christianity"; Christians believe in a carnal generation within the Godhead; the Council of Nicea was the work of a handful of bishops, etc. The book was praised for its scholarly virtues in Cairo. The author apparently expected it to be: his manner has all the hauteur of a camel; he is stunningly superb. Such magnificence of certitude can only be admired. Here is a confidence that utterly despises scholarship and truth as we know them. This confidence may yet be our ally against a common enemy. Yet there is about it all an absence absolute and unconditional of what I understand by meaning and truth. I did not feel these things when I was in Babylon. I felt nothing at all. This is my reaction to the East.

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HUAC: Record and Appraisal

WILL HERBERG

The Liberal needs his "enemy to the Right," just as he needs his "opening to the Left," to establish his self-image. The Enemy has taken a thousand forms—from Wall Street and the Economic Royalists to Joe McCarthy and the John Birchers—but always he has been there, the incarnation of absolute evil, and always he is to be found at the Right. So necessary is he to the Liberal that, were there nothing at the Right to demonize, the Liberal imagination would have to invent its reactionary devil, as indeed it has often done.

The most durable of these devils has been the House Committee on Un-American Activities (HUAC). For a generation now, from the days of the old Dies Committee, it has been operating as a kind of conditioned reflex stimulus, needing only to be mentioned to arouse a well-patterned reaction of disgust, repugnance and horror from all right-minded denizens of the Liberal Left—just as it has tended to set off automatic reactions of approval, applause and passionate defense on the part of a conservative Right.

This is a pity. For the existence and functioning of a congressional committee on "un-American activities" does raise grave questions of a moral, political and constitutional order, which cannot be answered by the mere repetition of mechanized catchwords, Liberal or conservative. What are "un-American activities," and how are they to be defined without at the same time laying down a canonical definition of "Americanism" binding on all? What should be the scope and jurisdiction of a congressional committee of investigation and disclosure in a field so apparently ideological? Precisely what is the peril the HUAC has been working to combat? Is it grave or trivial, real or imaginary? What has the Committee accomplished in the quarter century of its existence? Have its methods and procedures been substantially in conformity with our constitutional tradition; or have they been such as to violate the constitutional rights of the citizen? Above all, can a nation such as ours undertake the kind of continuous inquiry into ideologies and ideological-political activties the HUAC has been set up to pursue without subverting the conception of the unideological limited-power state our kind of constitutional democracy is supposed to represent?

The Committee and Its Critics: A Calm Review of the House Committee on Un-American Activities, by William F. Buckley Jr. and the Editors of National Review. Putnam, $4.95

I must confess that these questions, and others like them, have perplexed me for a long time. I think I have read almost all the writing on the question in the past ten years that makes any pretense to seriousness and objectivity; and a depressing experience it has turned out to be—the same mindless shibboleths, the same obvious fallacies, the same emotional distortions, the same partisan fury. I had, in fact, given up hope of ever coming across a study of the important problem presented by HUAC that would not be just a book-sized blow-up of those portentous full-page ads that break out periodically in the columns of the *New York Times*.

That is why *The Committee and Its Critics* comes as such a welcome surprise. Frankly, I approached it with the expectation that it would prove little more than a right-wing defense of the House Committee on Un-American Activities against its bitter foes on the Left. But as I went on reading chapter after chapter of this absorbing book, I found that it had indeed accomplished the impossible: it was, in very truth, as the subtitle puts it, a "calm review" of the Committee and its work—calm and factual, solidly documented and reasonably argued. I think it is not without significance that a book such as this, an intelligent and substantial treatment of one of the most touchy of current political questions, comes from the conservative side, and is the work of William F. Buckley Jr. and the editors of NATIONAL REVIEW. The intellectual initiative seems to have passed to the conservative side, and it is the Liberals who are now in danger of becoming the "stupid party."

THE TEMPTATION in a review such as this is to comment on every one of the dozen contributions to this volume, for every one of them deserves serious comment and appraisal. But limitations of space forbid, and I must restrict myself to reporting on those parts of the book that have made the deepest impression on me, and on the reflections to which the book as a whole has given rise in my mind.

Mr. Buckley's opening chapter, "The Committee and Its Critics," sets a model of reasonable discussion and argument. In a style admirable for its clarity and liveliness, Mr. Buckley reviews the criticism which HUAC has evoked, especially in recent years, and proceeds to evaluate this criticism with candor and objectivity. He does not regard the Committee as one of the untouchable *sancta* of the Right; he is quite ready to entertain, and even at points to acknowledge, adverse comment as to the program, methods and procedures of the Committee. He pays tribute to the sincerity of some of the academic critics of the Committee (the

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"Purist Minority," he calls them in his brief supplementary paper, "The Campaign Against HUAC"), and even recognizes the "valuable and challenging part" they play in the "eternal dialogue on the uses of coercion in a free society"; but he is equally insistent on the essential unreality of much of their thinking. "The literature on the problem of internal security," he concludes, "has been almost exclusively antagonistic and irrelevant: a mechanical and abstract projection of the platonic principles of John Stuart Mill's open society, a hostile and ideologized refusal to understand that the problems of internal security do exist, that they are real. . . . The intellectuals might, in a word, have helped the Committee along more than they have done. Instead, their operating premise . . . seems to be: How shall we make it painless for an American citizen to contribute to the subversion of his country?"

Mr. Buckley deplores the name of the Committee—"The House Committee on Un-American Activities," because the name, and (for many) the philosophy behind the name, suggests that it is within the competence and jurisdiction of Congress to set up an official definition of "Americanism," and then to undertake a continuing investigation of activities and propaganda hostile to this "Americanist" creed. It is only when "un-American" propaganda becomes part of a conspiratorial movement allied with a foreign enemy bent on the destruction of our nation, of freedom, and of Western civilization that it becomes a proper subject for congressional inquiry, disclosure and legislation. The House Committee on Un-American Activities ought, therefore, to be properly called, and understood to be, a House Committee on *Communist* Activities—though, of course, in the 1930s, the Nazi groups in this country, working under the direction of Hitler Germany, properly came under congressional investigation.

Mr. Buckley makes this point, and it needs to be made, for the notion of an officially accredited orthodoxy of "Americanism," and therefore also of an officially condemned heresy of "un-Americanism," is abhorrent to our constitutional tradition. Significantly, Mr. Irving Ferman, formerly chief counsel of the American Civil Liberties Union, makes the same point in an invaluable essay, "A Comment by a Civil Libertarian." Mr. Ferman acknowledges the legitimacy of congressional concern over Communist subversion, and discusses judiciously the difficult problems of procedures and methods. He notes acutely the "anthropological" function of a congressional committee in being able to deal with emerging perils in society without the finality of hard-and-fast laws.

> What we have in the Congressional committee procedure [he says] could be better described in the language anthropologists use to define a social ceremonial which provides a catharsis of a violent public mood. We avoid the brittleness of a government of laws in the long pull by having a mechanism, in the form of a Congressional committee to absorb and contain the shock of public indignation. I often wonder whether my liberal friends realize that if we had not had the Congressional committees investigating subversive activities, public indignation would have percolated into the inner core of the legislative process, resulting in even more stringent laws, which could have violated the First Amendment rights of individual citizens.

This, I maintain, is a thoroughly conservative position in the fine sense it shows of the need for preserving the stability of our constitutional order through an intricate system of compensating sanctions, governmental, quasi-governmental and social. Mr. Ferman concludes by suggesting two reforms, which (as he rightly says) could be supported by reasonable Liberals and conservatives alike. One of these we have already touched upon: "a change of the language in the House Committee on Un-American Activities' mandate." "The language describing its function," he proposes, "should be tightened to confine the scope of its investigations to subversive activity. References to 'un-American' propaganda should be excluded altogether[1]." With this Mr. Buckley and other contributors to this volume would surely agree.

The other reform Mr. Ferman suggests is designed to enable the committee to establish more precisely and more promptly the relevance of its questions, should this be challenged by a witness. Mr. Ferman endorses Senator Keating's proposal that the present incredibly cumbersome and dilatory procedure of congressional citation of a recalcitrant witness be replaced by a procedure whereby, "when a witness refuses to testify before a Congressional committee, he could be required to appear *that very same day* in the [federal] district court in whose jurisdiction the investigation [was] being conducted. Upon his appearance before the court, the witness would be subject to judicial jurisdiction, and a further refusal to testify in accordance with the order of the court would be punishable as contempt of court." At the very least, this proposal deserves sober, dispassionate discussion, for it does put its finger on what is clearly one of the most difficult and annoying problems that continually confront congressional investigators.

I KNOW I am not doing justice to this book by limiting my comment to Mr. Buckley's and Mr. Ferman's contributions. There are James Burnham's and Willmoore Kendall's penetrating background essays—the former on "The Investigating Power of Congress," the latter on "Subversion in the Twentieth Century." The activities of HUAC are carefully considered in William F. Rickenbacker's "A Short History of the Committee, and a Chronology, 1946-1960," Karl Hess' "A Year's Work," Ralph de Toledano's "The Hiss Case," Ross D. Mackenzie's "A Record of the Committee's Work" and George N. Crocker's "HUAC and Legislation." The tangled story of "The San Francisco Riots" is told by M. Stanton Evans; while C. Dickerman Williams carefully analyzes "The

1. Incidentally, Mr. Ferman points out that, despite the loose phrasing of its mandate, "the HUAC has not, in fact, conducted its investigations in the constitutionally troublesome areas of propaganda, but, on the whole, has confined them to subversive activity about which Congress can legislate . . ."

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Committee's Procedures." The conclusion he comes to is worth repeating:

> In summary [he declares], it may be said that, while the procedures of the Committee are not perfect from the point of view of the individual, they do afford substantial protection; and further, that even hostile commentators do not appear to have shown any specific injustice resulting from the Committee's principal failure to achieve the ideal: viz., the lack of cross-examination.

It is not necessary to agree with everything in this book—indeed, considering the range of writers, one could not agree with everything—to recognize it as a truly significant work on one of the most controverted issues of our time, an issue that has acquired peculiar importance because it has served to focus the perplexities and problems of a constitutional democracy striving to preserve its liberties in the face of totalitarian aggression and subversion.

Isn't it time that Liberals gave up their demonology, dropped their tired old phrases, and took a fresh look at the internal security problem and the congressional agencies set up to uncover and combat Communist subversion? Should our Liberals prove liberal-minded enough to do so, this book could turn out to be of great service to them. The rest of us, too, will be grateful for this truly illuminating discussion of "the Committee and its critics."

Fiction

Invisible Characters

GUY DAVENPORT

THE HERON dances when he is in love, the dog frolics, the cat sings; the American, so the latest novels report, pouts. The sexual engagement, which used to figure in romances as the grand fling and picnic of love, is a grinding misery. And the romancer's voice has become dull, trivial, bored. The heroines of these three novels are sullen and ill-natured; their heroes are vapid, mindless, and poor of vocabulary (two are said to be novelists, the third is a pretty doctor). One reads these lugubrious records of suburban boredom with the dry grins normally induced by descriptions of minor surgery, tacky gossip at church coffee hours, and the unregenerate conversation of a middle-income gaggle.

Morning in Antibes, by John Knowles. Macmillan, $3.95

The Mothers, by Edward Loomis. Viking, $3.75

Cassandra at the Wedding, by Dorothy Baker. Houghton Mifflin, $4.00

Let us understand right off that these prose imitations of TV hysteria are written in stultifyingly uninteresting words, in sentences of peristaltic regularity, no dictionary required in even the humblest den or kitchen. Mr. Loomis writes uniformly in unobtrusive clichés ("I've got to talk to you. It's important—," "The next morning, Verna woke up with a desire to talk to Ethel."). Mrs. Baker does better by language, but not enough to suggest that tale-telling is an imaginative art.

John Knowles' *Morning in Antibes* muddles on into afternoon and evening in that postcard town. Narrated tediously by an American chap, it wanders among vague characters, hints at relationships among them (otiose gestures towards each other's flesh, as more lucidly analyzed in the Epistle to the Romans), and sputters out just when a note of wakefulness comes along: beyond all this *dolce far niente*, it seems, men are at war. Mr. Knowles' first novel, *A Separate Peace*, studied the ambiguities of friendship at a New England prep school and rendered its theme clearly and tenderly. There, too, war growled just beyond the Theocritean fields, and we were shown how valor discovers itself anywhere, as much among boys in jerseys as in khaki. But in his second novel we can make out little significance and feel that whatever is being disclosed is too ill-defined to make itself palpable.

Edward Loomis' *The Mothers* is so close to the hand-wringing and erotica of a postprandial TV romance that the few differences are negligible. We proceed with the undoubted fallacies of every high-school corridor in the Republic. If you are the sexiest girl in class, it is romantic and thrilling to have your nonchalantly masculine lover shot in the stomach while stealing gasoline for the evening's tumble. Premarital coupling is better than after. Having paid no attention to academic matters in school, one can combine adultery and opsimathy by discovering that the one kid one did not sleep with in high school and who has become an intellectual in graduate school can provide the ultimate thrill of suburbia, culture and sex, and Oedipal squalor, all at once. The upshot of this novel is that women, after all and deep down, really like being pregnant.

Dorothy Baker's *Cassandra at the Wedding* is the best constructed of these three novels. It has, for instance, a plot. Two twins, Judith and Cassandra, the story goes, have different characters. Judith is scatterbrained, adoring of a young doctor, extrovert. Cassie is a teacher, hates men, and reacts to her sister's marriage by committing suicide. But as the groom is a doctor, he thwarts her plan, and we are given to believe that she intends to do better in this vale of tears.

Spring Book Number

The April 24 issue will be a special book number, including reviews by:

Hugh Kenner, on *A Marianne Moore Reader*
Robert Drake, on *Ship of Fools*, by Katherine Anne Porter
Forrest Davis, on *Barry Goldwater*, by Stephen Shadegg
Willmoore Kendall, on *Reason and Truth in Modern Society*, by Eduard Heimann
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All of this happens in Perry Mason's California, and each character has a cigarette and Scotch to hold from the first page to the last, so as to know what to do with the hands.

Who could have seen that the novel, of all things, might be stricken by the ashen sterility of magazine fiction, and become indistinguishable from Young Doctor Malone? All humor is gone, all gusto and bawdry, all romance, not to mention sensitivity or real knowledge of human affairs. The characters are all but invisible, present by virtue of their bleached voices and resemblance to the peach-colored folk in the movies, who, for all we know, may be meant for real people too. Those of us who like to read give it all up and hand the inspection of the whole mess over to the psychologists and the clergy.

Guerrilla War—Means, Not End

WALTER DARNELL JACOBS

JUST A FEW months ago the big flap at the Pentagon was whether "guerrilla" should be spelled with one "r" or two. Once this question was decided in favor of the traditionalists, the whole matter of guerrilla warfare (hereafter GW) was turned over to the research factories. ORO, SORO, HumRRO and RAND went at the problem with a vigor that previously has been matched only by Mao Tse-tung, Che Guevara, Ho Chi Minh and a few other malcontents.

Che Guevara on Guerrilla Warfare, with an Introduction by Major Harries-Clichy Peterson, USMCR. Praeger, $3.95

Communist Revolutionary Warfare: The Vietminh in Indochina, by George K. Tanham. Praeger, $5.00

Guerrillas in the 1960's, by Peter Paret and John W. Shy. Praeger, $3.50

Mao Tse-tung on Guerrilla Warfare, with an Introduction by Brig. Gen. Samuel B. Griffith, USMC (Ret.) Praeger, $4.50

Now we are beginning to reap the fruits of these and other efforts, so that the voracious reader can learn what a wide variety of writers think GW is—and what should be done about it. This is of more than parochial interest for at least two reasons: 1) the Communists know what GW is and what should be done about it, and 2) Walt Rostow, Maxwell Taylor and associates have ideas what GW is and are trying to determine what should be done about it.

To the Communist GW is meaningless unless considered as a part of a broader political program. GW is not an end in itself—it is a means to an end. To gain that end, Mao, Che and others maintain that GW must be transformed into mobile warfare and, eventually, into conventional warfare. GW itself is to be resorted to only when other, better means of warfare are not available.

To Rostow *et al.*, GW seems to be both a curse and a godsend. It is a curse because they have not yet figured out how it should be combatted, and while they are figuring the drain is becoming clogged with countries (Laos, South Vietnam, etc.) going down it. GW is a godsend because it seems to be an area where we have a choice between nuclear holocaust and abject surrender. This, of course, is an illusion because GW prevents no such alternative. To lose at GW—as at other types of warfare—one need not have a desire to lose, but only a slackened will to win.

Che Guevara: "Maoist influence"

Let us hope that the Rostow group will start anew in its consideration of GW by rereading Mao. His 1937 work *Yu Chi Chan* is still the basic Communist work and it is the essence of simplicity. In fact, it tends toward

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the simplistic. (*E.g.*, "The first law of war is to preserve ourselves and to destroy the enemy.") Mao does, however, stress the line, which is still Communist dogma, that GW is not an independent type of warfare, that without a political goal GW must fail and that guerrilla operations are of themselves incapable of producing a solution to the struggle.

Having digested these tenets, the Rostow study group may ask itself—of what is GW a part? The answer provided by Mao is that GW is part of a revolutionary political program. A reading of the history of GW in China will illustrate his point. The Communist victory in China was achieved only partly by Mao's Red irregulars. He received considerable political help from those who insisted that Chiang Kai-shek take Mao into a coalition government. The parallel to today's Western policy is notable. Today we find other Westerners insisting that our friends who are fighting Communist guerrillas in Southeast Asia enter into a coalition (or, better, latrocinium) with their enemies. In order properly to understand GW, Mao stresses, the role of politics must be understood. An ambush in Annam is of much less value to the Communists than an American accommodation at Geneva.

THE Washington student of GW should not pause long over Guevara. His work is a Ballhorning of Mao. (Ballhorn was one of Lenin's acquaintances who wrote summaries that were longer and less clear than the original work.) The Maoist influence on the Cuban economist bursts forth in statements such as "Never undertake a fight that cannot be won." Guevara's work certainly has significance for future Castro operations in our backyard, but there are no differences between Che and Mao. Both realize, of course, that to win at GW or at any other political undertaking, men must be ready to bleed and die. This fact should be put on a few punch-cards in DC, and Santa Monica.

Tanham's review of the Indochina irregular operations views the Mao theory in operation at one remove. This is a pertinent study because the war goes on in Laos and South Vietnam in spite of President Kennedy's pleas for a breathing spell and in spite of Mendès-France's efforts to end it all by an abject surrender in 1954. He couldn't end it, however, because he failed to give up all Indochina. For some reason, the Communists didn't ask for it all then.

They are asking for it now and Tanham fears they may get it if we do not finally learn the lesson that politics and GW cannot be divorced. Just as the French Army did not have sufficient political support in 1954, our friends in Laos and South Vietnam do not appear to be receiving sufficient political support from us in 1962. In this sort of warfare, accommodations—even negotiations—undermine political unity and contribute to military-political defeat.

Paret and Shy support the Tanham thesis (as, of course, do Mao and Che) that politics and military action are inseparable in GW. Paret and Shy have other lessons for Rostow and Company. They consider the guerrilla in three roles—in resistance to foreign invaders, as a weapon of insurrection, and as agents of foreign aggression. Although not too enthusiastic about American utilization of guerrillas in any of these roles, Paret and Shy see a definite value in training American counter-guerrilla forces. This, it is to be hoped, is what has been going on at Fort Bragg and elsewhere. The future training of such forces can certainly profit from the suggestions contained in this short, cogent work.

If the Rostow-Taylor combine has gone along this far, it might well go a bit further. It might admit candidly that resistance to Communist GW must be total. If resistance by others is to be supported, the support must be total—not simply helicopters, ammunition and experts, but total political support as well. And it must admit that the people who die for American interests may suggest that Americans should be willing to die for their own interests.

Neither Americans nor people ready to die for our cause can be expected to take the field without a reasonable expectation of political support. The Communist guerrilla warriors have received such support. Rostow, Taylor, and other people on our side can see that it is given to our fighters. Without it, victory is impossible. Our task is not to judge our friends but to save them.

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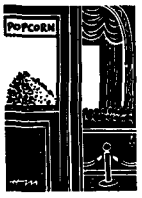
Judgment in Hollywood

FRANCIS RUSSELL



CURIOUS how the fables of the First World War turned out to be the facts of World War II. The morbid imaginings of the Bryce Report—that German factory used to render bodies into soap, the Belgian babies murdered by the Huns, the crucified Canadian, Whitehall's whole Grand Guignol propaganda show—became realities in Germany a generation later. In 1916, with what indignation did the United States lather up a war spirit at the thought of the imprudent innocents lost on the *Lusitania;* and in the next war American flyers would fry innocents from Berlin to Tokyo. Then, as the ironic World War I aftermath, there was Lloyd George fighting his khaki election with the slogan "Hang the Kaiser!" Of course he never meant it, but following World War II the first Nuremberg trial established the legal principle that any surviving defeated leaders would find themselves in the dock.

I remember on a snowy afternoon in January 1946 sitting in the visitors' gallery of the Nuremberg courthouse and looking down on the twenty Nazi defendants and thinking that we had finally got round to hanging the Kaiser. Not that I or anyone else needed to waste any sympathy on those survivors of the Thousand-Year Reich. Stripped of their tinsel, they looked shoddy enough, and I found it hard to imagine they had once made the earth shake. There was the androgynous Goering, his suet melted inside the stripped-down bulk of his marshal's uniform; there was the auto-erotic ape Streicher chewing gum audibly; there were the flop-eared fox von Papen, Hess with his furred brows and mad blank eyes, the lackey Keitel trying to keep some pathetic remnant of military bearing. A drumhead courtmartial and a firing squad would have been good enough for them.

But I found myself wondering about this object lesson in the democratic virtues. What would this *ex post facto* pageantry prove except the conceded fact that most of those in the dock did not deserve to live? With the defendants on one side of the room and the two Russian judges in their blue uniforms with the plywood epaulettes on the other, I had rather the feeling of watching Casanova on trial for seduction, with Don Juan on the bench. Supposing some tactless colleague among the other three Allies had mentioned the Katyn massacres? And as for the shining legal abstractions involved, if herding helpless people into gas ovens was genocide, what was incinerating them with atom bombs? The shiny domed forehead below me belonged to Lord Justice Lawrence. What would he say about his country's going to war over Poland, winning the war and abandoning Poland?

The lesser Nazis who were tried subsequently at Nuremberg got what was coming to them, or even, at times, less than what should have been coming to them. No one can dispute that. The question remains: would the Germans themselves have let those criminals off if we had not stepped in from our zone of light? Were Americans really called on to assume a higher legal moral tone, to sit in judgment on crimes by Germans against Germans? The *ad hominem* argument is infuriatingly bad logic, and yet I can't help asking myself how a country that released Lucky Luciano for his contribution to the war effort could apply the higher moral tone to any other country.

ALL OF WHICH brings me to Stanley Kramer's *Judgment at Nuremberg,* a film which, for all its pretentious claims, bears little relation to reality. I saw the Belsen trial at Luneberg as well as the first Nuremberg trial, and the atmosphere of neither could be said to resemble even remotely Kramer's reconstruction. What he has done is—often quite brilliantly—to photograph a series of clichés of the simpler American preconceptions of what Germany and the Germans are like. The prisoners in the Kramer trial are four judges of the Third Reich charged with injustice against their fellow Germans during the Hitler era. Three of them remain unrepentant Nazis; the fourth—Burt Lancaster, no less—finally sees the light. In my years in Germany I never saw any Germans who looked or acted as they did, nor did their defiant manner in the dock bear any relation to the almost subservient manner of the prisoners I observed at Luneberg and Nuremberg.

Whether Abby Mann, who wrote the screenplay, knows anything about Germany, I rather doubt. The time of *Judgment at Nuremberg* is 1948. For Mann to try to create the Nuremberg atmosphere at that date by panning out through the ruins while a blinded ex-soldier in uniform sits outside a café singing *Lili Marlene,* is about as true to the time as it would be to show a World War II ex-marine sitting on a bench in Central Park and playing *God Bless America* on a guitar. The fact is that nobody in Germany after the war sang *Lili Marlene*—a march tune in any case, and never dragged it out with the film's melancholy schmalz. And in 1948 there were no ex-soldiers wearing uniforms, since the uniform had been banned in 1945. Yet, more than Messrs. Mann and Kramer realize, the schmalzy soldier sets the tone of the picture.

"The picture speaks for itself," says Mr. Kramer. And so it does. Spencer Tracy as Judge Dan Haywood, another Hollywood incarnation of old Judge Priest, comes to Nuremberg to preside over the trial of the four German judges. He incidentally meets the attractive propagandizing ("Do you think we Germans really knew?") widow of a German general who has been hanged as a war criminal—and that puts Marlene Dietrich in the picture. Before the trial ends the Berlin blockade has begun, and expediency in the shape of an American general and a United States senator tries to persuade the good judge to go easy on the men in the dock since we can no longer afford to offend German public opinion. Needless to say, our good judge spurns such temporizing and throws the book at the defendants. Let justice be done though the airlift heavens explode and lovely widows fail to answer the telephone!

What Mann and Kramer are trying to say in their stereotypes is: scratch a German and find a Nazi. The implication is that all the Germans during the Third Reich knew specifical-

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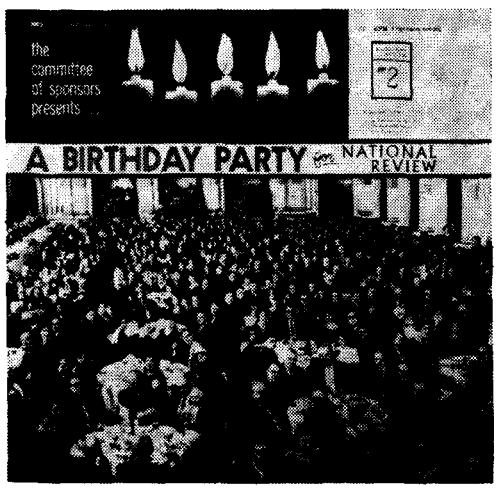

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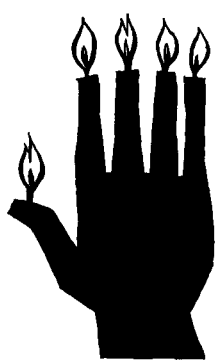

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ly what was going on and did nothing; that, left to their own devices, they would never have brought anyone to justice for the Nazi bestialities; that they are still a tainted people; and that expediency should not persuade us to put our trust in them.

Mr. Kramer should have been with me in Germany during the airlift when I talked with the first German women civilians returned from slave labor in the Soviet Union. He might have learned a little more about the facts of Germany then, as well as of the facts of life. But expediency is indeed a challenge to the character. Walking back from *Judgment at Nuremberg* I found myself recalling another episode in that airlift summer when I visited an English official of Control Commission Germany in Hanover to find out how the dismantling process was affected. As we sat in his office I could hear the hum and throb of the transport planes on the Berlin run. I asked him if it could really be true—as I had heard—that even now factories were still being dismantled and the machinery shipped by the British and Americans to Russia. "Why, yes," he said. "The Berlin blockade has nothing to do with our branch."

Random Notes

● Books: Among the new books, two histories of high class gore: A. A. Hoehling's *Who Destroyed the Hindenburg?* (Little, Brown $4.95) and Gene Smith's *The Life and Death of Serge Rubinstein* (Doubleday, $4.50). Both are tales of suspense and skulduggery and both, with admirable integrity, fail to deduce who done it. Mr. Hoehling follows minute by minute the Reich's great dirigible from Frankfurt to its explosion at Lakehurst, N.J., May 6, 1937. Plausible evidence points to a culprit and a motive; our interest, however, adheres to the doomed people and to the extinct and incredibly dangerous antique in which they floated. Mr. Smith gives us Serge Rubinstein raw. The prose is *Playboy* (which fits; Moll Flanders talks like Moll Flanders); the story is revolting; the upshot is soberly moral. The billionaire draft-dodger, manipulator, and lady's man was the heel's heel and would have achieved an ultimate in perversity except that his dog stuck by him to the end.

Marcel Aymé's *The Conscience of Love* (Atheneum, $4.50), the funniest novel, and perhaps the naughtiest, to come from France in quite a while, would be even naughtier if the publishers had given us an American rather than an English translation. The languages are twain, especially in bed; one has to consult Eric Partridge to see what's going on; and a heroine in her "vest and underlinen" doesn't seem to be La Bardot so much as one's maiden aunt in ribboned wrapper and knickers.

● Music: Igor Stravinsky, who left his White House dinner propounding observations it will do the country no good to print, and whose conversational skill as a sly and intelligent ogre ("Wagner is the Puccini of music") has already filled two engaging little books (*Conversations* and *Memories and Commentaries*), gets his pithy talk put down again in *Expositions and Developments* (Doubleday, $4.95). His interlocutor is his protégé Robert Craft, a Boswellizer with the best. Stravinsky talks his way through his childhood, some choice arguments, and a considerable amount of *obiter dicta*, mainly musical.

Since Charles Ives comes in for the Master's praise and appears in yet another recorded conversation of the season (Marianne Moore in the current *Paris Review*), it is hard to resist the observation that Ives' *Concord Sonata* has long been out of print. . . . And as Stravinsky will be going to conduct in Russia this fall, where the state keeps *its* best musicians in imposing editions; and as Stravinsky will be telling them about Ives; and as the destalinized will be sending to the Republic for scores, New Frontier, shame! The Russian visit will be the first since 1914; but before that, we see in *Variety*, Stravinsky will conduct in Chicago along with, among others, Benny Goodman.

● Incidental: Thrashing about in the clichés of the moment, we find: The current Old Crow ad shows the good gray teetotaller Walt Whitman grinning over a fifth. . . . And George Axelrod, aware that "audiences are a lot more hep than many film people give them credit for," has cast James Edwards, the Negro actor, as a Pentagon psychiatrist in *Manchurian Candidate*, just when Atlanta was learning the Viennese bleat, the beard, and the tinted pince-nez.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Selected Prose, by A. E. Housman, edited by John Carter (Cambridge, $1.45). Anger is an acid that eats away or purifies—a force making for dissolution in Swift, but becoming a discipline in Johnson. Anger at human folly either destroys sanity or makes it unassailable. The asceticism of anger can be sensed in every line of Pope, or in every page of Housman's scholarly prose. Housman, while doing his job as editor and critic, turned the world of scholarship into a symbolic battlefield, on which are displayed man's ineptness, his perpetual shying from honesty, his inability to endure hardship. Housman knew what an achievement it is—and what price must be paid—"to have a head, not a pumpkin, on your shoulders, and brains, not a pudding, in your head." G. Wills

The Cardinal Spellman Story, by Robert I. Gannon, S. J. (Doubleday, $5.95). America's (as distinguished from *America's*) most eloquent Jesuit has given us the most candid and readable biography of a living prelate yet to appear this side of the Atlantic. He might have called this saga of a grocer's son *Horatio Alger Baptized*. In the intricate, structured maze of the Vatican, where the eternal cuts across the temporal at every turn, young Father Spellman rose, entirely by his own resources, from the unpromising post of play-

(Continued on p. 262)

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To the Editor

YAF Rally

There were no fights, no riots and no disorders. The only picketing done threw together Nazis, Liberals and Communists. A splendid, well organized and well conducted rally of which all conservatives can be proud.

Philadelphia, Pa. MARTIN KATZ

Thank you for reprinting that portion of Mr. Bozell's speech to the YAF Rally [March 27] which so clearly defines what action the West should be taking at the present time. Personally, I believe "And the orders will go out" is an inspiring and inspired piece of literary precision. Those who believe that Mr. Bozell's proposed orders are impractical without initiating a nuclear war are laboring, I believe, under unfounded fear. Do people honestly believe that Russia would go the ultimate to protect Castro? Do you sincerely think Khrushchev will play his ace to maintain the Berlin Wall when he is waiting for the opportune moment to trump the West and win the world? Is it so stupid for us to admit we were wrong in the Congo? Is our ban on nuclear weapons testing stopping the spread of Communism? Would it be unsporting of us to encourage people behind the Iron Curtain to liberate themselves?

Mr. Bozell's speech was indicative of the fact that there remain some Americans who do believe there is something worse than death.

Brooklyn, N.Y. BETTY ENNIS

Distinctions Needed

I refer to Mr. Buckley's commentary, "*America's* Bull" [March 27]: I hope everybody noted carefully the commentary's title. I should like to think the pun was intended. I quote the author: "Notwithstanding Catholic social doctrine, *America* is constantly urging federal intervention in fields . . . over which private and state agencies should, according to the principle of subsidiarity, exercise jurisdiction. (The question must be asked, in all honesty and charity: Why are so many Catholics tagging along with *America*?)"

You might have phrased your question: Why are so many American Catholics tagging along with the local Jesuits? This brings to mind the fact that some Catholics reason—unconsciously, for the most part—as if the Society of Jesus were equivalent to the Catholic Church. Not so.

New York City WILLIAM O. TAKACS

Appraisal—Reappraised

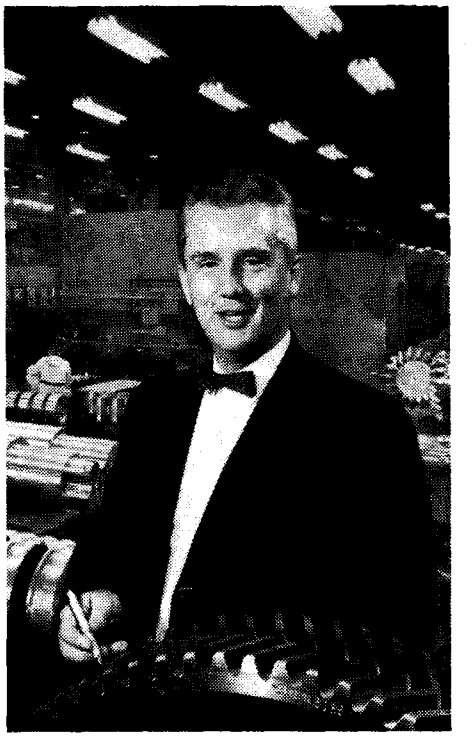
Mr. Kuehnelt-Leddihn ("American Conservatives: An Appraisal," March 13) says too many American conservatives restrict themselves to "furious condemnations" and that we ought to have more "positive affirmations." He's right. But in a land where the Liberal Establishment is so solidly entrenched, we will never topple the reigning Colossus unless we aim some telling shots at it while, at the same time, trying to build up our positive philosophy.

New York City MARY NASH

Mr. E. v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn has accented the crossroad at which American conservatism as a viable and constructive force presently finds itself. If we are not to dissipate our energies we must have a wider blueprint that goes beyond merely an emotional foray under Communism. Such a blueprint must meet the Liberals in the social, economic and political market place, and battle there for the minds and allegiance of the people. Truly, "contrived vagueness" or an "emphasis on negations" will not do. Leadership means direction. *Quo vadis?*

Camden, N.J. CARL L. MCCLURE

E. v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn is warning us of the danger of becoming separated from the tradition of political thought in general, and of conservative political theory in particular. I have entertained the same apprehension. Some of the imprecision that spreads across our program arises from a defined theory of public order; and this, in turn, would take us to the seminal ideas of Politics from the venerable tradition that stretches from ancient Greece and Rome. While our inspiration is quite properly Burkean, we should also learn from him that our present conservativism, however historically grounded,



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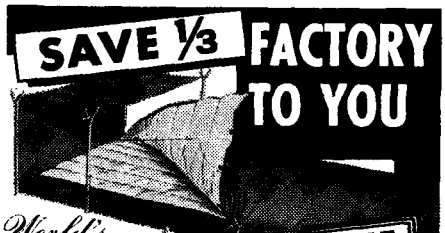

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must be turned toward the present, and if our program is to be above propaganda or the superficiality of nostrums, then it must be fitted into our entire culture by and through the concepts, precisely understood as Kuehnelt-Leddihn insists, of political rationality. We should not only revere Burke, and drink deeply of his wisdom, but also do as he did: namely, relate our current conservativism to the past so that it can be relevant to the present and will endure into the future, because it has the consistency of a philosophy and the dignity of a logical unity.

REGINALD D. LANG
Dept. of Government and International Relations
Northfield, Minn. Carleton College

Scapegoat or Chameleon?

Permitting Norbert Muhlen's fair and restrained article on Germany to be printed in NATIONAL REVIEW [Feb. 13] was a decent thing. In your issue of March 27 you let a Harold L. Mack of Carmel, Cal. state that "For almost a hundred years Germany has declared war against the whole world at every opportunity." . . . Perhaps you can persuade Mr. Mack to give us the historical, provable facts in this case. Let me state here that Bismarck's Reich kept the peace while peace-loving, noble England fought war after war—Egypt, South Africa, Sudan, etc. In 1870 Napoleon III declared war against Prussia under the most ridiculous circumstances; he had a *gloire*-laden police action against Prussia in mind and got beaten in the attempt. In 1914? Well, Austria and Russia started the avalanche which finally dragged in all major powers, including Germany. In 1939? Nazis and Bolsheviks attacked Poland. We punished and destroyed Germany for it but awarded huge reparations and land masses to Red Russia.

Englewood, N.J. KARL MARX (a reader)

Several years ago I came to the U.S. from Germany where I had the misfortune to live through the whole nightmare of the Third Reich. So, when I read the article "Why the Hate-Germany Campaign?" I could not help but express my opinion on the subject. We know German perfidy only too well. Even before Nazis we had to fight German Kaiserism. Since 1917 we all knew that Communist Russia was, and present-

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ly is, our foe. But imperialistically-minded Germans always played the game dishonestly: after each defeat they took a disguise, either of the Weimar Republic or of the Bonn Republic, and never failed to prove their chameleon-like nature. Naturally, Germans fought against Communism and were participants in all alliances and defensive organizations; yet it does not mean that we have to be muzzled . . . and forget the chaos that Germans have created in Europe and in the whole world.

Berea, Ohio ALVIN STOFFER

Mirage

I applaud your editorial [March 13] criticizing C.B.S.' "Thunder on the Right." To the person who finds himself uncommitted in the stormy desert between conservatism and Liberalism, that particular program promised to be an informative oasis from which an intelligent opinion might be formed about the purpose and mission of conservatism. Certainly, there must be more to the Right than weapons training, bigotry, and the internationally debilitating fear that the true threat of Communism is within our country and not staring at our M.P.s across the Berlin Wall. An "ism" that makes enough "noise" to have an hour devoted to it on Sunday afternoon deserves a less biased treatment from a news medium.

PHILIP E. SCHWARTZ
Fort Gordon, Ga. U.S. Army

On Muzzling

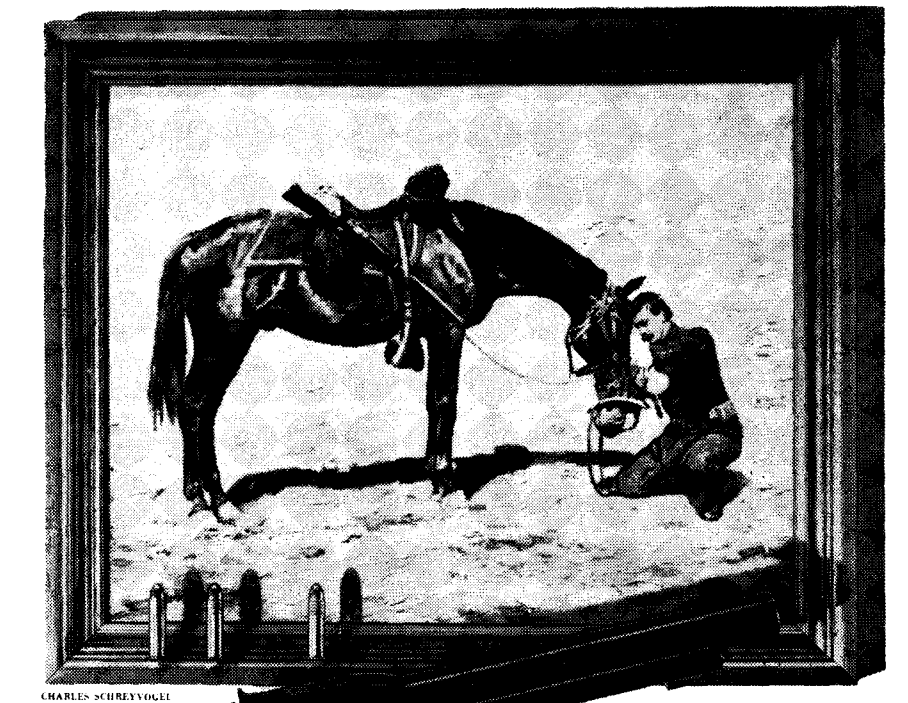
Shortly after I arrived at my present base of assignment the Base Information Services Officer, the individual responsible for all Air Force public relations in the geographical area, was contacted by the Alumni Association of a college located in a nearby city. This association was planning on showing the film *Operation Abolition* at a regularly scheduled noon-time student meeting and felt that it would add substance to the meeting if an officer would speak on some aspect of conservatism. I accepted the assignment and in due course gave a twenty-five minute talk, in uniform, before an audience of about 500 persons.

As a result of this talk and other modified versions of it given later on before various school, church and other community groups, I began to receive an increasing number of requests to speak, all of which I honored. I made sure that the Information Services Officer received a copy of each of my talks prior to the date of delivery. Finally, however, the ax fell. It happened while I was away from the base, spending a few days leave with my family. At this time I received an urgent telephone message instructing me to return immediately. It was then that, for the first time, I was informed that the Department of Defense was conducting an investigation of my speaking activities.

All available information and documentation relative to my speaking activities, with particular emphasis on my speech for the alumni association, were collected and forwarded to higher headquarters. To this date, I have heard absolutely nothing concerning this investigation. To be investigated so thoroughly and so summarily can be the source of much apprehension, especially to one whose family's immediate security hinges upon the continuance of his military career. But to be so investigated and then to be permitted to hang in perpetual doubt as to its outcome is certainly much more unpleasant.

Naturally my speaking campaign ground to a quick halt. Requests for my services as a speaker on Communism were "regretfully disapproved" by my headquarters because the subject of Communism, being "partisan and controversial in nature," was not a suitable one for an Air Force officer to speak about.

MAJOR U.S. AIR FORCE
(name withheld)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Self-Discovery

Please let Joan Didion know that her review of Waugh [March 27], hinging as it does on her penetrating discovery of "hardness of mind," was a revelation to me: not only of the nature of Waugh, but of me. Many thanks.

Hornell, N.Y. (REV.) VINCENT P. COLLINS

Vital Difference

If Mr. Earl Boebert were to read *The Grand Camouflage: The Communist Conspiracy in the Spanish Civil War,* he would understand that both Mr. Burnett Bolloten, the eye-witness author, and NATIONAL REVIEW'S reviewer, the Rev. Dr. Joseph F. Thorning, realized the impact made by Axis aircraft and crews upon the struggle. Since Mr. Boebert is a student of "aviation history" [Feb. 27], why does he omit any mention of the Soviet "dive-bombing and close air support tactics" used by the Stalin-Hitler alliance in the conquest of Poland? What both these reputable historians know is that, within 30 days after the conclusion of the Spanish Civil War, the Spanish victors insisted upon the complete withdrawal of the Condor Legion and the Italian Legionaries, whereas the Soviet tanks and Soviet air squadrons not only maintained a foreign tyranny in Poland but also expanded their empire to include Czechoslovakia and Hungary. Such conquests may persuade your critic that "an ogre which leans to the Left" is "to be preferred to an ogre which leans to the Right."

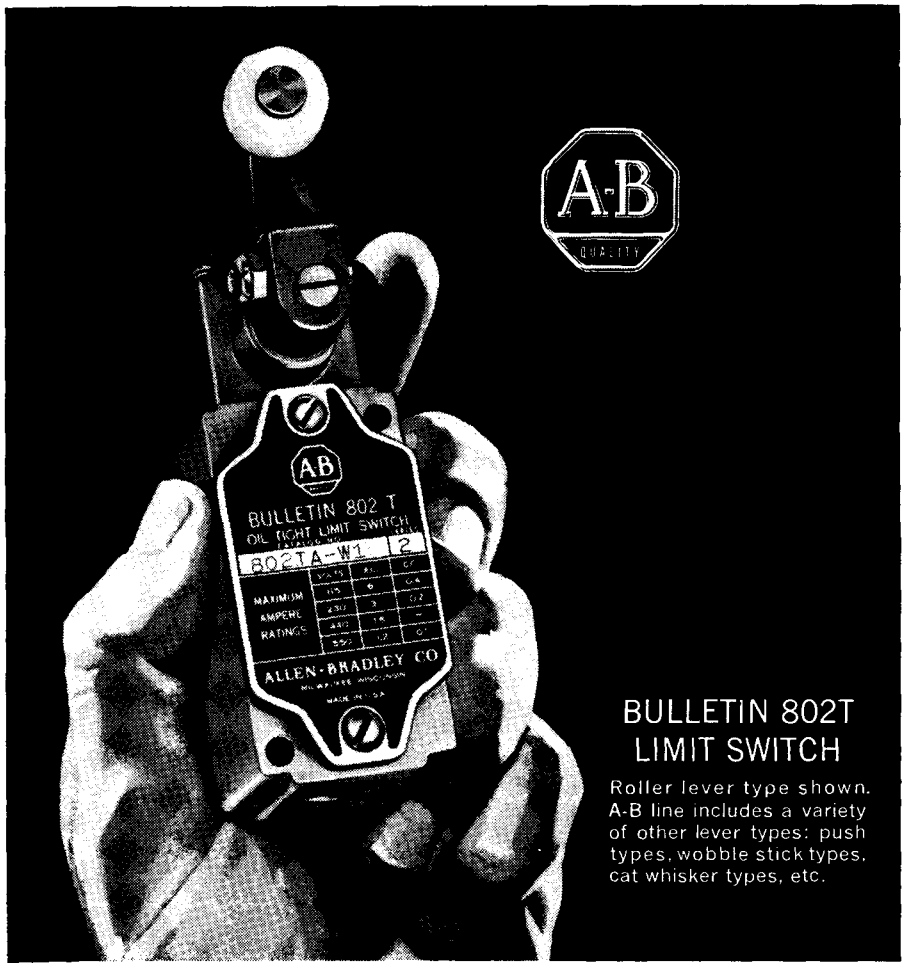
Most Spaniards and almost all the eight million tourists who visited the Iberian Peninsula last year would agree that there is a vital difference between a monster making a short visit and the monster who comes . . . and never, never goes!

ANTHONY T. BOUSCAREN
Professor of Political Science
Syracuse, N.Y. Le Moyne College

Humorous Gadfly

"Little Red Ridinghood" [March 13], is one of the best examples of what will happen to the U.S. if we don't stop negotiating with the Communists and start fighting the "Cold War." W. H. von Dreele uses humor to do what, perhaps, logic will not. I hope that his humor will awaken our government to the realization that such negotiations will never help the U.S.

Miami Beach, Fla. STEVEN R. BERGER



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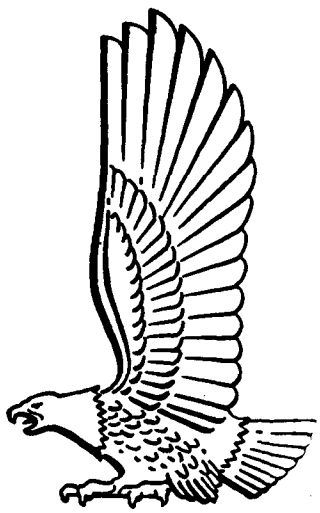

"

. . . We have seen that nationalization on a large scale of the means of production, distribution and exchange, undoubtedly leads not to the enlargement of freedom, according to my concept of a progressive measure, but ultimately leads to the denial of freedom and the ushering in of slavery on a large scale. It was possible to arrive at that conclusion as a mere matter of theory, but our theory is strengthened by the fact that we have seen it happen and we have seen the consequences. To my mind, if a society in which the concentration of wealth, and consequently power, in the hands of a few is iniquitous—as it should be—the concentration of all power and wealth in the hands of one omnipotent body, the State, is more iniquitous. It leads undoubtedly to the serfdom of the community of the State. In short, the ushering in of a slave State.

"

Dudley Senanayake
Former Prime Minister of Ceylon

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

(Continued from p. 256)

ground director to become the most powerful Catholic ecclesiastic in the English-speaking world since the sixteenth century. Of the many striking qualities that helped carve this astounding career, an unflinching courage is not the least. Cardinal Spellman was one of the few prominent Americans to speak in responsible accents during the anti-McCarthy hysteria; in the Calvary Cemetery strike, his stand against a reddish, exorbitant union could serve as a model for every businessman this side of Herbert Kohler and Ralph Cordiner; and only last December, risking censure by the Revs. John F. Cronin and Thurston N. Davis, he urged all Americans to intensify their anti-Communist programs. If more of our nation's leaders could absorb some of the Cardinal's uncompromising, unapologetic patriotism, Americans would be less worried today about losing. N. MC CAFFREY

THE CONSPIRATORS, *A Study of the Coup d'État,* by Maj. D. J. Goodspeed (Viking, $5.00). The author, who is a Canadian General Staff historian, seems to have discovered, and with pleasure, some previously well-known facts about how one might go about gaining control of a government without starting a revolution or winning an election. His six case histories are in themselves interesting, and Goodspeed tells them well enough. Three were successful (Serbia in 1903, Petrograd in 1917, and Mussolini's March on Rome in 1922), Il Duce's being the most spectacular, and Lenin's the most lasting, success. The three failures are the Easter Rising (Dublin, 1916), the comic-opera muddle of the Kapp *Putsch* (Berlin, 1920) and the gory failure to assassinate Hitler in 1944. It is interesting to compare them, all in one book, but the author hardly adds any new insights on the theory of the *coup.* Neither does he attempt a moral analysis, which is just as well. As his study shows, the *coup d'état* remains an efficient instrument, available alike to the sincere patriot and to the power-seeking tyrant—and dangerous to both.

J. P. MC FADDEN

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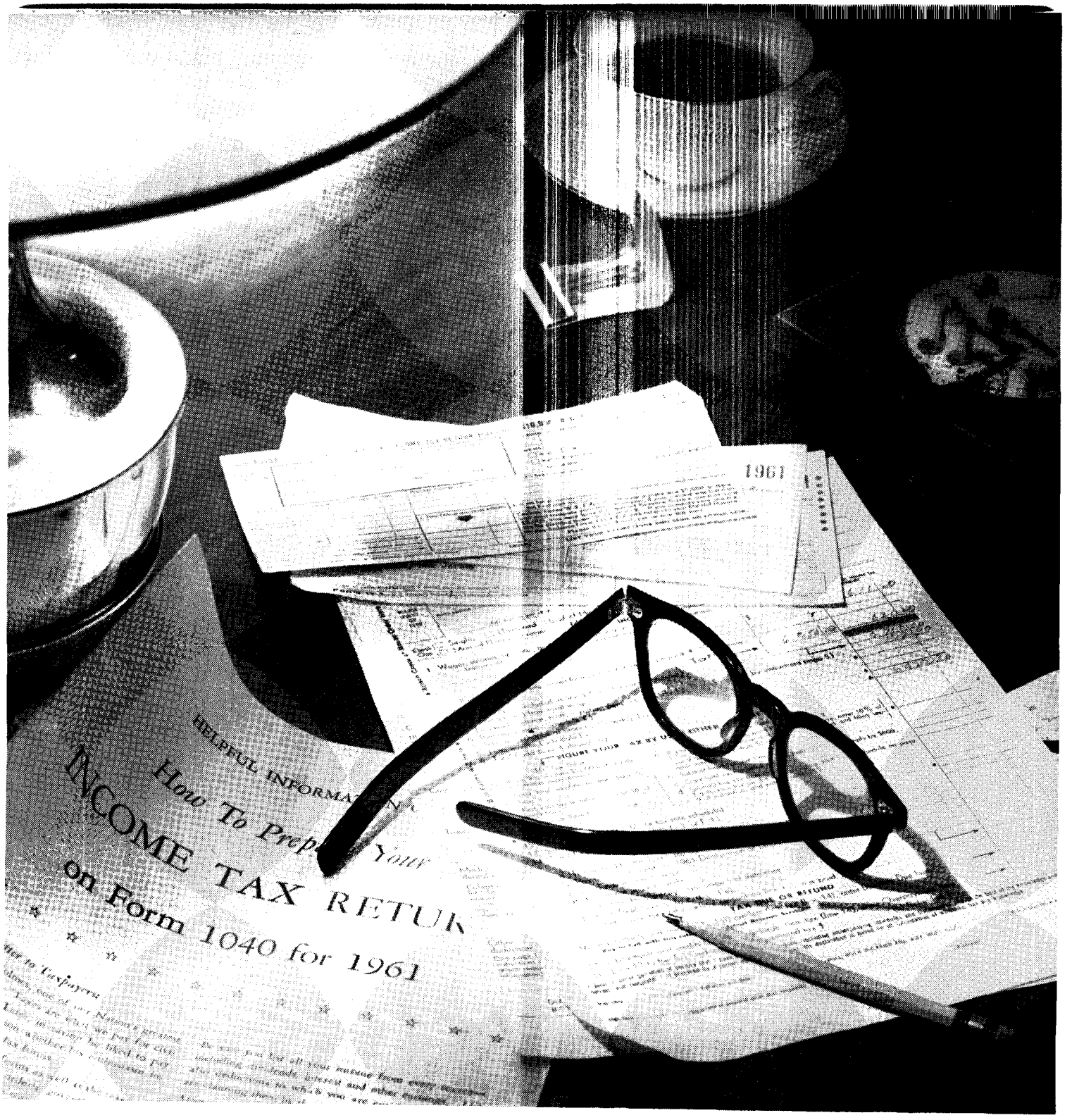

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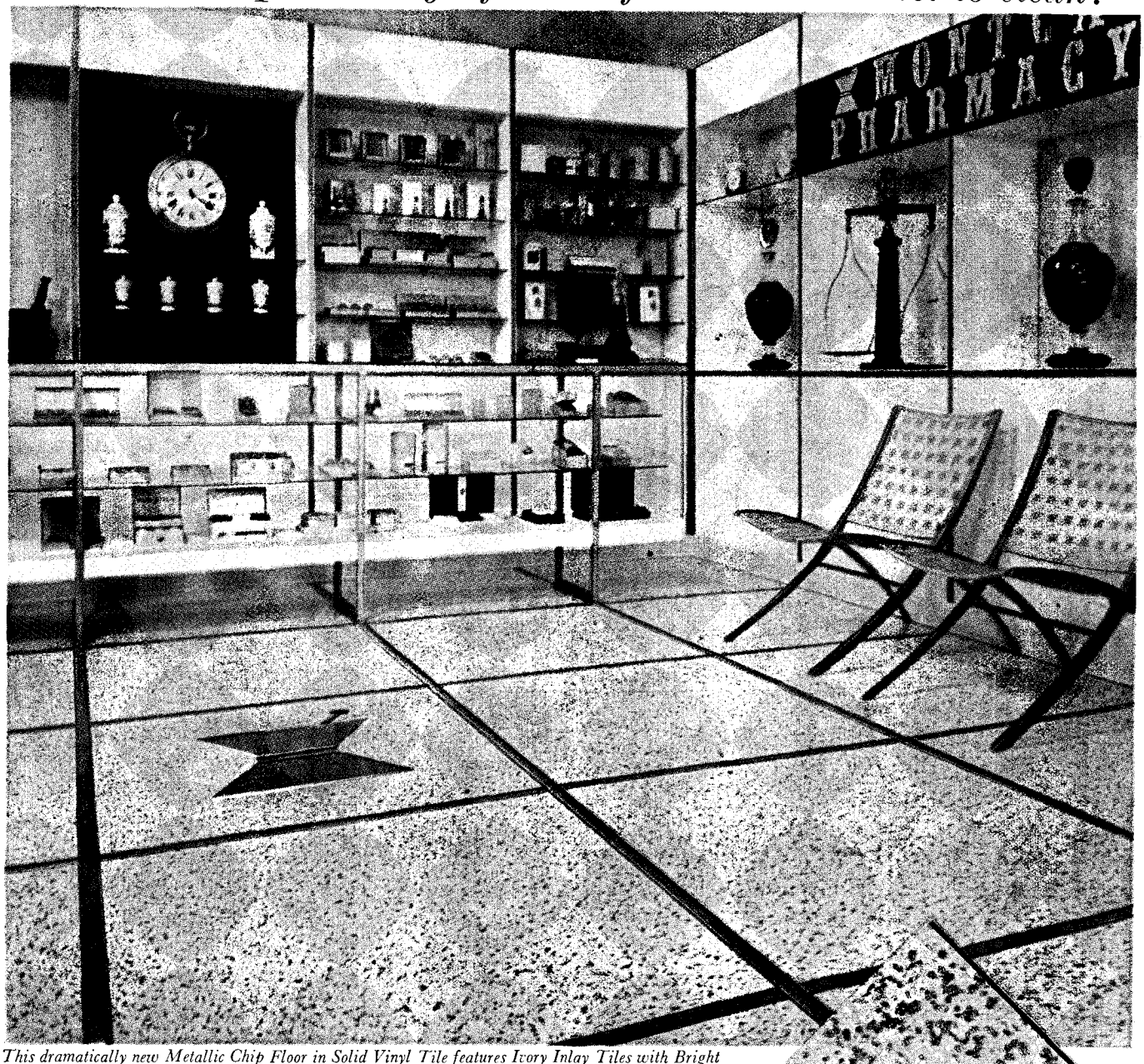

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